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CONFESSIONS

IN

Elysium,

OR THE ADVENTURES OF A

PLATONIC PHILOSOPHER;

TAKEN FROM THE GERMAN OF

C. M. WIELAND;

BY

JOHN BATTERSBY ELRINGTON, ESQ.

VOL. II.

Printed for J. BELL, No. 148, Oxford - Street;
By G. Sidney, Northumberland-Street, Strand.

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Confessions in Elysium.

WHEN I saw the Stranger so near me, I arose, as if to resign him his place, and to retire;.....but I somehow halted, like a person who had to disentangle himself before he could proceed.

"Ah, Peregrine," exclaimed the Stranger, "dost thou avoid thy "good Genius!"

He addressed me in a tone of voice that found its immediate passage to my heart;...and....like a splendid sunbeam...threw a radiance over the dark recesses of my soul.

I made no reply....but, assuming all the indifference I could collect.....I looked him full in the face.

I fear the incredulity I meant to

express was very feebly executed,..... for I felt a trembling through every vein in my body as he spoke.....an awe mingled with astonishment, as he called me by my name.....Then the singularity of his words.....and his commanding manner.....defeated all my efforts to appear cold and insensible before so penetrating a judge.

" What !".....continued he, in the same impressive accents....." dost thou " fancy chance hath thus introduced " us to each other ?....Deceive not thy- " self.....Chance is a chimera.....It " never had existence....Fate directed " we should meet.....We have met !"

I could not speak.....I again sat down, and leaned my head backwards against the rock....I should have fallen without this support.

A piece of rock just opposite to me served the Stranger as a seat, and he took his place.

" Thou avoidest mankind,".....he continued....." Thou courtest solitude
"....thou seekest repose !.....Repose
" from what ?"

" From thyself!"

" Thou longest after light.....Yet
" wanderest in the shades of darkness.
"...So young in years !....So old in
" experience !.....A little month ago,
" thou wast a beauteous flower !.....
" Where are thy blooming sweets ?...
" Where the rich fragrance of full-
" blossomed youth ?.....The pestilen-
" tial breath of harpies.....in an an-
" gel's form.....hath blighted thy de-
" caying beauties."

" The ambition of Ixion led him to
" aspire to the embraces of the im-
" mortal Juno.....She sent a Syren to
" receive him.....He was burnt in
" her arms !"

" And, canst thou peruse in my face," said I,....." all thou hast uttered,

" .....Wonderful man!....." I repeated with terror and amazement..... " Wonderful man!.. Who art thou?"

" Not what you suppose me..... " more than I appear....Thou,...Pere- " grine.....hast long been the slave of " delusion.....It is time thy under- " standing was unfolded, that thou " mightest comprehend the language " of truth.....I said I was thy good " Genius.....Such would I be to thee " .....though in reality a poor mortal " like thyself.....But, with the assis- " tance of him I serve.....I may be " instrumental to thy salvation."

Conceive, dear Lucian, my situation all this time.....Nothing could exceed my astonishment.....to find an entire stranger familiar with the history of my life, and that, at a period, when it was wrapt up in mystery from all the world;.....reading my very thoughts.....principles.....and

wishes, with perfect facility....All this you will confess to have been very extraordinary.....and could only be reconcileable from his being actually my Genius.....Still I was not free from suspicion.....and his discourse..... though marvellous.....failed in the impression he intended it should have made on me.....He saw it.

" I do not wonder".....he added.... " that thou hast shaken off the fetters " of credulity.....Nothing in this " world is what it has the appearance " of being;.....though to such as are " enlightened all things appear what " they really are.....Self is an hiero- " glyphic which few study;.....and " fewer still, learn to unsolve.....Man " understands all things better than " himself.....He resembleth the infant " son of a king.....who, exposed to " perish in his cradle, is miraculously " saved by a benevolent shepherd.....

" he pursues his humble lot, uncon-
" scious of his exalted origin....Doth
" the blind man behold the beauties
" of the all-cheering sun?.....Doth
" the beggar benefit by a knowledge
" that the bowels of the earth are
" laden with riches?....Man considers
" life his all.....But it is nothing.....
" The moment passes, ere mortals
" are aware that it is come.....Time
" follows on time, as the rolling
" wave mingles with its comrade.....
" .....But there is a futurity!.....
" Oh! that mankind would reflect
" on that!!....Oh! that the trumpet
" of heaven.....which is to awaken
" the dead.....would proclaim to the
" ears of the living.....that there is
" a futurity pregnant with all things."

This exhortation from the Stranger was delivered with devout enthusiasm.....I was particularly attentive; but had not courage to ask what it

meant.....he resumed his discourse.
" ....Peregrine.....the destination to
" which thou are invited stands high.
" .....The voice of Heaven is gone
" forth over all lands.....many are
" asked.....few are chosen.....A revo-
" lution is at hand.....light is burst
" forth ;.....and the children of dark-
" ness verge on a dreadful eternity....
" The kingdom of the Almighty.....
" though hidden from the prophane
" and ungodly.....will shortly dis-
" play its glories around the enlight-
" tened disciples, like the first dawn
" of a reviving morning sun, diffusing
" light and vigor over an awakened
" creation."

You now see, my new Genius was of that sect of men, who threatened mankind with a dreadful revolution of things....till,....by working on their ignorance and credulity.....they obtained the full power in themselves

to effect the disasters they foretold.... To proceed.....I never had heard any one talk in this way, and although I scarcely comprehended a syllable he uttered...I was not the less astonished and confused....When he had ended his rhapsody.....he looked at me as if his large black eyes would have reached my very soul.....I can assure you my hair began to bristle.....I was very much alarmed.....I thought I saw the strange things before me of which he had spoken.

We both continued silent for some time....This pause contributed to reassure me.....I had just collected presence of mind to open my lips...meaning to beg an explanation of those mysteries he had so prophetically announced.....when he stopped me,.... proceeding in a less animated tone and manner.

" Peregrine,....recollect thyself!....

" I have filled thee with wonder....
" By amazing.....I have quickened
" thy half-expired faculties.....Thou
" hast been debased;.....but thou
" wilt be exalted by thy humility.....
" The secret token of the elect is
" visible on thy front, and the Hali-
" carnassian dæmons have lost all
" power over thee.....Let severe au-
" sterities purify thy mind from all
" corporeal pollution.....The spiritual
" man is born again, and regenerates
" in the mortifications.....pains....and
" sufferings of the animal man.....
" and none other need hope to enter
" the kingdom of heaven.....Oh,
" Peregrine,....light is at hand.....thou
" art already in the midst of it.....
" and soon shall it be disclosed to thy
" eyes.....,A messenger.....not unlike
" unto the fabled Hermes.....will be
" thy conductor....and then wilt thou
" be restored to thy primitive inno-

" cence.....Then wilt thou be my
" brother and fellow labourer in the
" most glorious of all works;....and
" obedient to the law of the Most
" High, assist in modelling a new
" created world."

The Stranger now grasped my hand with much warmth, and arose.

" Thy heart.....Peregrine....is filled
" with admiration.....It is not permit-
" ted me to say more....I obey a supe-
" rior voice.....and must quit thee.....
" But,....in seven days from the next
" moon, we shall meet at Pergamos."

He then embraced me cordially, and, with an adieu full of confidence and affection, left me before I could give utterance to a single syllable, and was soon out of sight.....At first I thought to follow him.....but reflecting that it might displease.....I desisted.

With a heart.....as he foretold.....very full,.....I sat down on the same stone from whence this Genius.....or

immortal Mortal.....had delivered his exordium.....I repeated to myself all he had said....Not a syllable escaped my recollection;....and the surrounding rocks seemed still to retain their whispering echo, and murmur back his gentle accents on my ear.

At length.....approaching darkness forced me to return to Smyrna.....
As soon as I reached home, I made the most scrutinizing enquiries, to discover whether my servant had been instrumental in affording information to the Stranger on the secrets of my life; but it proved the poor old man had never seen him.....or spoken with any one concerning my affairs.....so as to admit a possibility of the Stranger's being informed through such a channel.....besides all the circumstances which happened at Mamilia's.....were alike unknown to my servant, and to all the world.....except the parties concerned.

I began to quarrel with myself, now, for the suspicions I entertained to the prejudice of the Stranger, after having witnessed, with my own eyes and ears, his extraordinary gifts.

I quietly crept into the snares laid for me.....if I may so prematurely term them.....and you will the more readily reconcile this error, when you reflect how immense a vacancy my disenchantment had left in my bosom, and how necessary it was to fill it up ere I could regain an intellectual harmony, to support the grand aim of my still aspiring wishes....It is true, I had mistaken the road....but my resolution to persist in my journey was undiminished.....nor could it ever be subdued, but by a metamorphosis of my whole being....The Stranger's words had reanimated me.....I could perceive the energies of my soul returning.....I dwelt on himself, equally with his

words....They were ever before me..... they sank deeper and deeper into my brain.....and the warm grasp of his hand still pressed affectionately on mine.

Laugh if you will, at my simplicity. I continued to ponder with astonishment at the confidence with which he predicted "that we should meet again "on the seventh day after the new "moon.' It certainly required a greater gift of prescience than the mere calculation of an eclipse.....He had told me my name.....my past actions....and now he laid down my *intended* conduct.....It was singular in the extreme, and engrossed all my thoughts...I even made a note in my tablets of this prediction, that I might smile at its failure ....not being able to conceive how we could meet at Pergamos, when I had not the most distant idea of going there!

I remained a fortnight longer at Smyrna, and regularly visited the excavated rock every evening.....Thence I proceeded to Cyme....to Mytelene... to Gregnion.....I had neither view or intent in this circuit.....It brought me nearer and nearer to Pergamos..... and, without giving that as a reason ....even to myself....for my conduct.... I was still satisfied that what I did was right.

While at Smyrna, I received orders from my father in the mercantile line, which detained me longer than I had proposed to stay;.....and though these commissions served to employ my restless mind a little.....still my anxiety to behold the Stranger again increased.....his Prophecy pursued me; .....and I languished with impatience to see the result of it.

My business was completed, and there still remained five or six days of

the appointed time.....I left Smyrna, because I had no longer any business there.....and my presence was necessary at Miletum.....Indeed I was expected back at Parium.....I had only to go immediately to Mytelene, whence I could pass by sea to Parium ;.....and yet.....I preferred making the circuitous route by land, which took me to Pergamos.

Thus did I.....without being able to account for the act.....fulfil a prophecy, which common reason.....the attention I owed my father's interests .....in fact,.....which my duty opposed the probability of being verified.....

The truth is,.....My desire to go to Pergamos grew insensibly so strong, that I do not believe I attempted to resist it, though I would not confess I was guided by it.....

The most singular part of the story, however, is.....that although I volun-

tarily.....as you may say.....accomplished the Stranger's prediction, it was not in the least weakened by that circumstance.....How.....I would argue .....could he possibly know I meant to go to Pergamos simply to substantiate his veracity.....when I had so many solid objections!..... Unless.....indeed.....he had the faculty of tracing the embryo of my mind; and foreseeing I would resist all obstacles, and do as he foretold?

On the sixth day following the new moon I arrived at Pergamos. I passed my time in visiting the market, and other public places, supposing I should meet the Stranger.....*but his time was not come*.....My impatience and faith increased together.....The next morning, as I pursued my rounds.....I noticed a slave who had followed me some time, and with marked attention .....sometimes walking on one side,... sometimes at another.....halting.....

looking intently at me.....and, by various gestures, indicating a desire to speak with me....I stopped, at length, by an old monument which stood on a spot little frequented.....The slave submissively approached.....and, addressing me,.....enquired if I was not Peregrine Proteus, of Parium.....I answered....." Yes."....When he delivered me a sealed note to this purport.

" Follow whither this slave shall " lead thee."

" The Stranger of Smyrna."

I was requested by the slave to present myself the fourth hour after sunset, at a particular place, which he pointed out.....when I should find him ready to conduct me where I should be pleased to go.

I promised.....The hour came.

The slave was as soon at the appointment.....nearly,.....as myself.... No time was lost in ceremony.....he

desired I would follow;.....and led me through a number of narrow lanes, and winding alleys, to a very small door, just sufficient to admit one person at a time.

On a signal.....it was opened from within.....“ Take my hand;” said the slave.....“ and be sure not to loose “ your hold.”.....The passage was so dark, not an appearance of light was seen.....We at length entered a closet .....he locked and barred the door inside.....There was an aperture, covered with gauze, through which a feeble light just discovered the interior of the apartment.

There were benches above each other...all round this small room;.... and crouded with people of all ages, ...sexes...and ranks.....In the middle stood a large elevated table covered with carpeting.

All was profound silence.

While I was making these observations, a person, clad in a white linen surplice.....having a large purple cross hanging down in front.....entered the apartment.....He held a censor which he waved at the congregation, filling the place with clouds of incense.

This ceremony I found particularly grateful to my nerves,.....as there was a noisome.....damp....smell in the room, which was very offensive.... I at first doubted whether I was not trepanned into some disgraceful situation; but I soon found I was among a sect of Christians.

Shortly after, a second person appeared.....habited nearly as the former.....and approaching the table..... said a short silent prayer.....he then began to chant a litany;.....the responses were sang by the congregation in low voices, which contributed very

much to increase the solemnity of the meeting.....I could not understand the meaning of what was done, but I saw and heard enough to inflame my restless disposition with an ardent longing to be more intimately connected with these valuable beings.

When the chanting finished.....,.. silence, again, was universal.....Then the man with the censor once more distributed its fragrance; and he was followed by my Stranger, who went up to the elevation before the covered table, whence he pronounced a discourse.

It is impossible to forget the impressive and commanding manner of this reverend man !.....I never heard any one speak with tones which conveyed such conviction to the heart..... His manner was unassuming.....yet his presence taught you to believe him accustomed to the converse of

superior beings.....There was a placidity in his countenance which bespoke him a stranger to the stormy passions and infirmities of mortality.

I will save you from the recital of his eloquent and dignified harangue.... It was all that a prophet could utter.... and good men learn to obey.....My ears.....or rather my soul transformed into organs of hearing.....imbibed his precious doctrine with holy avidity.

I was like the gasping traveller..... who, overcome with excessive drought .....at length descries a stream.....he drinks with a sensation no language can describe.....But I pursued my panting wishes further.....as I tasted of the spring.....my thirst increased.....I could not swallow fast enough.....I sought to ingulph myself in the stream that I might indulge my fill.

As they concluded this part of the ceremony, the slave, who had con-

ducted me in,.....hastily led me out again.....and when we reached the streets, he whispered to me, that no uninitiated person could be permitted to remain longer in the room, as the sacred rites were about to begin.....I gave a sigh of regret....envied the chosen few....and went homewards with a full determination to leave no means untried which might tend to constitute me one of the elect.

The Stranger suffered me to languish....the whole of the remaining morning.....with an ardent longing to see him alone; and to confide in him all that was passing in my agitated soul.

I longed in vain.....I traversed the city all day long.....No friendly slave .....No reverend Stranger....I returned home in the evening, full of disappointment, and found the following letter.

" It is not permitted me to speak

" to thee at present.....We shall
" meet at the appointed hour.....Re-
" turn to Parium, and await the arri-
" val of him who will guide thy un-
" certain footsteps."

As my hopes were, thus, cut short at Pergamos, I hastened to set off for Pitane, and thence to Mytelene.

I had a dreary wood to pass, which I was told would require the assistance of a guide.....I requested my landlord to procure me one, which he did.....A countryman,....to whom he said, every track in the wood was familiar.....that he was returning to his cottage on the other side of it;.....and would take pleasure in my company to enliven the tedious journey.

The man's physiognomy pleased me.....and we set off, attended by my faithful old servant.....We proposed.....by beginning our journey at

a very early hour.....to be beyond the wood at sunset, but we were out in our reckoning.....We found ourselves in the midst of the wood, surrounded by cross paths in every direction.....and in this labyrinth, night overtook us.....I thought our intricacy seemed to increase, but my guide constantly assured me we were right.

I had no distrust of my conductor... he was positive in his assertions.....I could not contradict him....so I tamely followed his direction.....He had been some time silent....At last, stopping.... he began to fear he had mistaken the road..... "And yet," said he," how can "that be possible, when I am per- "petually passing this wood back- "ward, and forward? Certainly some "superior hand has led me astray!"

"What, my good friend," I replied, "do you apprehend some Sylvan "Deity has bewildered you?"

" That is not impossible".....he answered with composure....." Evil spi-
" rits wander every where."

" And do you fear them? "

" Certainly not.....Their evil inten-
" tions always operate to the good of
" well disposed persons."

It was too dark to look him in the face, or I should certainly have studied his countenance as he uttered these last words.

" It would be pleasing enough," I continued " if this same wandering
" spirit.....meaning to lead us to some
" quagmire.....or some frightful pre-
" cipice.....should unconsciously con-
" duct us to a snug retreat, where we
" might enjoy a good supper and a
" comfortable bed !"

" You are a bit of a Prophet, mas-
" ter !" he replied".." Yonder...I think
" I can distinguish a light....Look.....

" between those trees....Do you not
" see it?"

" It is merely" said I, " some va-
" pour, or jack o' lantern.....unless it
" should be the moon beginning to
" rise."

He made no reply...The moon soon rose above the trees, and we with pleasure saw the forest open before us..... We now came to another and wider path.....My guide rubbed his hands with joy, saying, " Now, Sir, I am per-
" fectly satisfied we shall fare com-
" fortably for the night, as I know
" this track as well I know my own
" name."

We went on merily.....and in less than a quarter of an hour we were on the borders of a fine cultivated plain, and discovered here and there a cottage among the trees.

" Ah, ha!" cried my guide, " Who
" is right now?"

" The question, my honest friend,
" is,.....will they admit us to shelter?"

" Never fear," replied my companion. " This small estate belongs
" to a particular friend of mine, an
" honest good fellow; who delights
" in the exercise of hospitality. Come,
" Sir, be of good cheer, he will give
" us lodging, I warrant you."

Although we were rather tired.... this pleasing discovery gave us new strength, and we posted down the hill at a tolerable good pace.....When we came to the bottom, we found ourselves in an avenue of tall chesnut trees, leading to a large plain building, which I imagined to be the residence of the person to whom this estate belonged.

As we approached the mansion, our ears were saluted with vocal harmony from the united voices of several male and female singers...The stillness of the

night assisted the effect of its melody, and the whole was charming..... I immediately fancied I was among that order of beings, who,.....as the Stranger assured me,.....could alone prepare me for the service of the Lord. .....My guide, however, betrayed no symptoms of surprize, and I at once suspected our arrival not to be the sport of chance, but a concerted plan to bring me there.

We listened till the singing ended, when,.....my guide giving three separate taps at the outward gate....a voice from within enquired, "Who "is there,....and what do you want?"

My companion made some reply in Syriac;.....and then added in Greek .....that he was attended by two strangers bound for Pitane, whom he had misled...by mistaking his road through the forest;.....and intreated shelter for the night.

Immediately the gate was opened,... and a tall man, of about fifty, advanced.....taking each of us by the hand .....to bid us welcome. A fine little boy.....one of his sons.....lighted us .....and we proceeded to a small hall where five or six lively youths of the family exerted themselves to display the hospitality of their father.

An equal number of girls, from the ages of thirteen to twenty, next presented themselves with utensils for washing our feet.....Their dress and manners were simple.....but so interesting was the native innocence..... complaisance.....and virgin timidity of these lovely girls.....I think they differed from all the females I had ever seen.....They placed the water before us.....laid towels, &c. on the table, and retired, without having once raised their eyes from the employment they were engaged in.

There was a remarkable incident in this family. The girls were so much alike, that they were alone distinguishable by a difference of years .....and so it was with the boys..... The two youngest of whom,.....regardless of the intreaties both of my servant and myself,.....performed the ceremony of washing our feet..... as did the next, those of our guide..... the whole being conducted in silence; ....and with an humility of demeanor that had the appearance of devotion.

Having rested a little.....and being very much recruited by this last indulgence.....our host led us to another apartment, where we gladly sat down to a covered table laid out with eggs... milk.....excellent bread.....and dried fruits.

Here we were introduced to the lady of the house;.....a fine elderly woman.....who requested we would

consider ourselves at home;.....and partake.....without ceremony.....the frugal repast which she was prevented by the late hour from making more acceptable.

It is not possible to give you an idea of the sort of sentiment the first sight of this amiable matron inspired we with.....She had the dignity of a Queen, tempered with the meekness of a Saint.....I do not think she had ever been a beauty.....but she was infinitely more.....and the expression of her countenance.....then indefinable to me.....I found.....after my initiation into the rites of Christianity .....to have been of that composed..... serene.....holy.....kind of complexion, which a painter would have taken as a model to represent the blessed Virgin.

It was a most gratifying sight to view this noble pair, surrounded by

their hopeful offspring.....resembling a venerable tree, branched out into so many luxuriantly thriving boughs..... One heart,.....soul,.....and disposition .....seemed to animate the whole of this happy family....The wishes of the parents were preconceived by the children, and obeyed with the instinctive cheerfulness that the members observe to the will of the body.....Benevolence.....good-nature.....and complacency,.....resulting from a harmony of temper.....distinguished their conduct to each other, and spoke in every animated feature.....Language was useless in a family like this.....the eye of one sparkled a wish.....and the attentive observance of another fulfiled it.....The soul spoke on all occasions;.....and mutual sympathy was so perfectly organised among them, that its silent harmony filled up every pause.

" Can these"..said I.." be the Chris-
" tians, of whose tenets our priests
" speak with abhorrence?.....whom
" our rabble treat with ridicule?.....
" and our lawgivers proscribe?....Or,
" are these worthy people inspired
" with sanctity and devotion all their
" own?.....Surely the blessings of the
" golden age teemed not with more
" purity than this happy family;.....
" and would be renovated in a world
" peopled with their virtuous spirit....
" The Stranger called Christians,.....
" the New Birth...Nurslings of a New
" Creation....Assuredly he had reason
" .....if all his disciples resembled this
" praise-worthy groupe of exalted
" human beings."

From my infancy I had been prejudiced against the Christians.....who ....as you know....in our days, were the mockery and contempt of Greece. ..Indeed, I had heard little of them

at Parium, where my retired life excluded me from communication with mankind.....and at Athens, still less.... My grandfather's abhorrence of Jews was rooted and determined;.....so that whatever I did know on the subject, was not calculated to inspire me with respect for Christians, who were considered a Jewish sect;...and, what contributed still to weaken their influence.....a sect.....whom the very Jews themselves had expelled their society.

It is therefore a natural inference, that every man thought himself justified in avoiding them and their ceremonies;.....particularly,.....when a prince so wise and good as Trajan..... and men so enlightened as Pliny and Tacitus, held them in open contempt.

Having imbibed this aversion with my education.....I never troubled myself to look for reasons to alter my

opinion....but was satisfied with considering them beneath my attention .....and so positive was my hatred..... if the Stranger at Smyrna had given me the least idea of his being a member of such a sect.....I should have turned from him with disgust ;.....and he would have forfeited all that reverence and respect I was disposed to feel for the superiority of his genius.

Accident had opened my eyes..... and I could no sufficiently lament my past blindness.....Such was the fulness of my heart, I could not avoid testifying its feelings.....The warmth of my expressions seemed strange to the family ;.....the young folks turned their heads aside....and the old man looked full in my face, as if doubting whether he had not mistaken my principles.

I was quite at a loss to construe this conduct.....and my confusion was

considerably increased by an inadvertence which followed.

The good matron presented me with a cup of wine, which....according to custom.....had previously been diluted with water by the fair hand of her daughter.

I accepted the offering with pleasure .....and, from the force of habit..... poured a little on the floor before I raised it to my lips.....The whole family turned pale.....started.....and the mother and daughters instantly left the room.

" Why," said my host...with a serious but friendly tone....." did you frighten
" my poor family as you have done?
" .....For more than forty years.....
" young man!.....this floor has not
" been defiled by a prophane libation
" .....nor has the name of him whom
" we adore, been taken in vain be-
" neath this humble roof.....We serve

" him as the elect of his only Son, by
" whom we have been taught how to
" make our heartfelt offerings accept-
" able....Our brother.....your guide....
" informed us, you were a noviciate
" of our order."

As he concluded this speech, his countenance expressed the most animated devotion.

I blushed as deep as crimson.....I endeavoured to excuse myself....vowing my mechanical hand had acted from habitual impulse without the consent of my soul.

While this conversation passed..... the sons left the room one after another, without speaking a word.

I looked at my intelligent good-hearted host, and.....as soon as I recovered from the effects of my error..... asked him.....whether he had admitted us to his hospitality, solely on the supposition of our being converts to his reed?

" God forbid"...replied he calmly... " that I should parcel out the ser- " vices of humanity in an interested " way.....All mankind claim our good " offices.....but our brethen share our " love.....Still, it is necessary to retire " as much as possible among ourselves " .....Example corrupts.....And it is by " avoiding the region of infection, " that we preserve ourselves pure."

" If a wish,"...I answered...." to be " of your society, could fit me for the " vocation.....I should want no prepa- " ration.....my heart is already disposed " .....but the divine wisdom, whence " you derive your virtues, is beyond " my comprehension.

" Whatever of virtue we may pos- " sess," said he, " comes from above. " .....Our hearts are content with the " portion of knowledge allotted us.... " We rely on our Master.....who is " supreme of all.....who laid down

" his precious life to save us;....and
" we await with joy his coming again
" among us. We love him with
" all our soul."

After a pause, he resumed.....

" Oh, my brother, hadst thou but
" known our Prophet!.....Never will
" my eyes again behold the likeness
" of Johannas.....the chosen of our
" Lord.

" When a lad of fourteen, I was
" at Ephesus, for the completion of
" my education, and then, it was my
" good fortune to know this holy
" Man....I see him now before me....
" his memory lives in my heart's core.

" Shortly after my arrival at Ephe-
" sus...this Saint, who had numbered
" near an hundred years, found his
" end approach....' Lead me,'....said
he.....in a feeble voice.....' to my
' beloved flock below, that I may
' once more exhort them to salvation
' ere I die."

" He was borne.....supported by
" cushions.....in an armed chair, and
" seated in the midst of the congre-
" gation, which he had purposely as-
" sembled in his great hall.

" Surely the spirit of an angel ani-
" mated this good old man.....His eyes
" were become dim with infirmity....
" and the expression of his counte-
" nance languid.....but, as he raised
" himself...extending his feeble arms
" towards us with his benediction.....
" a sudden ray of religion bright-
" ened his almost extinguished eyes,
" .....and they beamed with a reno-
" vated glance of their accustomed
" fire....In this effort, the last spark
" went out.....He sank back in his
" chair....and closed his virtuous life.

" The affecting pathos of that part-
" ing blessing, still vibrates on my
" heart."

As he uttered these last words.....

my host was so overcome by his feelings.....that his voice failed.....and tears ran down his cheeks as he silently and fervently looked up to heaven.

My guide partook his emotion..... and I then made a solemn vow, to devote myself to the study of so pure and happy a belief.

My good host now arose.....shewed us to our apartments.....and wished us good night.

I was much fatigued;.....but my mind was too much occupied to suffer me to sleep.....Nor would I let my guide.

" How is it possible".....I asked.... " that good men,...such as I see those " of your order.....can be so wil- " fully mistaken by mankind?"

" The question".....he replied,..... " answers itself.....Simply.....because " we are good.....It fared ill with our

" heavenly Master.....Can we expect
" a better fate than his ?"

My companion.....encouraged by this observation on my part....entered into the explanation of Christianity with a warmth of manner, and strength of understanding that astonished me.....As I listened with eager attention.....he redoubled his efforts to enlighten my mind ;.....and, the more he saw me impressed by his discourse....the more zealous he became for my complete conversion.

In this manner, the dawn stole into our chamber.....without our having closed an eye the whole night.

We arose.....and taking an affectionate leave of our worthy host.....pursued our journey.....We were soon out of the forest, when my guide left me, with decided a conviction that our acquaintance was not accidental.....and

with impressions which were every moment gaining increased ascendency over me.

The truth is, I had little inclination to part from this amiable family..... Still my father's business at Myletum was so urgent, I could not indulge a choice.....I should, however, tell you.....as my host embraced me at parting.....he assured me we should meet again much sooner than I imagined.....He was displeased at my offering him a compensation for our entertainment.....But, at my earnest entreaty, accepted a trifle to be placed in the stock-purse they kept for the relief of indigent brethren, which the wealthy and humane never suffered to be empty..... "For this purpose"..... "added he,..." I will accept thy offer- "ing, for my heart is already disposed "to receive thee as a brother."

When I was left alone, all that the Stranger had said to me recurred to my

memory....I listened, as it were, to his prophetic voice.....dwelt on his words .....and longed with unequalled ardor to remove all obstacles to my perfect initiation.....I thought of nothing but disentangling myself from my family connections, and obeying my vocation. Did not the Stranger see my election imprinted on my forehead!

I was still in the dark about this mysterious Person, who had,.....at our first meeting.....read in my countenance, thoughts.....past....present..... and to come.....I made some enquiries of my guide.....but all the information I could obtain, was.....That he was President of several Asiatic institutions ..... a Prophet of wonderful intellectual powers.....and highly illuminated from above.....More, he said, he was not allowed to unfold, till I was fully admitted to the unreserved confidence of the holy church.

I have been obliged, Lucian, to be more circumstancial.....in the latter part of my life.....than entertaining..... But, if I did not impress you with the irresistible power used to entrap me, it would appear incomprehensible that I should be able.....at one leap.....to make a colossal stride from the soft luxuries of Venus Mamilia to the hidden mysteries of the kingdom of light.

I shall pass over my years of probation.....and hasten to that period wherein I played a very distinguished part among the Christians.

At my return to Parium.....I found my father labouring under the premature infirmities of age.....He therefore determined to put a stop to any future mercantile transaction.....balanced accounts with his various correspondents .....and established the possession of ease and independence, that the re-

mainder of his days might pass quietly away among his friends and relations.

This he told me was his motive for recalling me to Parium, that I might... as his only son.....take upon myself the remaining concerns which lay variously on the Euxine.....Ægean..... and Sicilian seas.

This was a thunderstroke to all my favorite views.....but I was bound in duty.....and I respected the obligation too highly, to resist.

Having consented to adopt my father's plans....I had a fair opportunity of becoming.....without either labor or vexation.....a reasonable....ordinary.... man.

A chain of business.....by keeping the mind constantly employed.....by change of scene, which repeated journeyings would occasion.....by that necessary attention which involves a man's interest and fortunes.....is, of

all remedies, that best calculated to remove the visionary pursuits of an inflamed imagination;.....and of converting the principles of a Platonic enthusiast, without either his knowledge or concurrence.

But such was the perverseness of my fate, that the contrast.....between the interested.....worldly.....views of such people as I was now cast among; .....and the simple,....artless.....friendship of those benevolent beings in the forest.....served only to give firmness to my determination of returning the first opportunity to the bosom of pure, unclouded, tranquillity.

My temper was certainly altered.... and so were my wishes...The magical enthusiasm which led me into the wiles of the villa of Mamilia, were metamorphosed into the moral enthusiasm which harmonized my feelings, and left me no other desire than that of

ending my days in the society of an undisguised, harmless, people, with whom I could indulge the full complacency and affections of my soul, free from all apprehension of deception or art.

Nearly half a year had now elapsed without my hearing from either the Stranger.....or the guide.

At length I received a letter from the latter....with some goods that were consigned to me from Smyrna.....in which he told me he should soon visit me at Parium.....He shortly afterward came to our house, by the name of Hegesias.....a tradesman of Ægina..... and brought several commissions from our correspondent....In these affairs he discovered so much intelligence and capacity, that he won my father's heart .....who readily accepted his offers to execute some commissions we had on the Ionian coast.

This intercourse naturally produced intimacy.....and I had as many private opportunities as I could wish, of discoursing with him.....I obtained from him some books.....at that time highly prized and difficult to be had.... containing the three last years of the life of their Master.....his miraculous actions.....public prophecies and exhortations,.....with his private instructions to his chosen followers.

These books,.....you may believe,.... lost none of their effect with me..... I conceived the most exalted passion for this Son of Man.....which was strengthened by Hegesias.....and so successful were his lessons,.....and so docile his pupil.....that he consented the night before he left Parium, to initiate me into the first degrees of their concealed rites.

The act was simple.....but awful:..... I contracted my vows in the solemn

stillness of midnight.....and in a dark dreary spot which he had chosen for the occasion.

My zeal.....by this time.....became so immoderate, it required all the eloquence of Hegesias to keep it within bounds.....I should have deserted my father.....my country.....my fortune.... But he restrained my impetuosity..... and.....with inflexible sternness,....forbid my leaving my father while he had occasion for my services.

" It is unlawful," said he...." Thou " dost but deceive thyself in suppo- " sing thou makest an acceptable offer- " ing to the Lord, by abandoning thy " all for his sake.....No.....Thou art " simply gratifying thy own ardent " propensities....To prove thy zeal..... " sacrifice this unseasonable desire. " .....return to thy home.....and be " assured, that by a fulfilment of the " duty thou owest to thy parent.....

" thou dost best prosecute the service
" of the Most High.....As thou art
" faithful in this.....so shalt thou be
" called to higher duties."

This reproof was given with a tone so austere and authorative.....I trembled...He accepted my humble regrets .....blessed me..... and departed.

A year had now elapsed.....During this period I afforded so many proofs of my zeal and attachment, that I was admitted to an audience with the great Kerinthus.....So was my Stranger called....under whose protection I was received to a second degree of initiation....in a full assembly....before whom Kerinthus officiated in person.

All I saw,....and all I heard,....penetrated to my inmost soul!

Addressing himself to me.....he exclaimed,...." Thou canst alone.....by
" the most intrepid fortitude....and by
" determined resolution,...devote thy-

" self entirely to thy God....Thy heart
" burneth with ardor.....thy soul pan-
" teth with holy ambition,.....but thy
" perfection is not the work of an
" hour....Dost thou feel thy constancy
" so firm that no dangers can appal....
" no artful temptation beguile.....no
" tedious labors deter.....no morti-
" fications dismay thee?"

He concluded with exhorting me to persevere, and gave me some rules for my conduct, which he said would lighten the fatigues of my journey.

A few days after this.....Kerinthus was called away.....and I returned to Parium.

I was now such a bigot as to offer to Hegesias.....treasurer of the public purse.....a transfer of my whole property.....He received the proposal very coolly....as if indeed it had been the business of a few drachmas instead of two hundred talents, which, as a faith-

ful steward, I promised to account with the community for....He desired I would re-examine my heart, lest pride or vanity should have instigated me to the act.

I then little suspected all to be a jugler's trick...that, by a hocus pocus, the subtle minister of God changed places with his Master,.....applied to his own use the donations of the simple, who artlessly fancied, they were lending to the Lord.....while they acted under the influence of specious knaves, who, ...by a crafty and well regulated ascendency...domineered over the mind ....and mastered the purses of the unwary.

I however had no suspicion at the time...All my anxiety was, to become a brother.....I believed all they told me ....and, considering myself now as the agent of the community, I redoubled my diligence.....I pursued my business

as I would work a mine, which was to increase those riches I had predisposed towards building the kingdom of God.

In a few years my father died.....his death was sudden.....though not altogether unexpected,.....for his habit of body and style of living had long predicted the fatality of an apoplexy..... I am confident not a creature at Parium .....least of all myself.....could have thought it possible such an event should be excruciated into the infamous report you took from that malicious declaimer at Elca, and confidently sat down as a crime against me.....I had always lived on terms of the utmost affection with my father.....and the uniform habits of my life had hitherto gained me the esteem of my fellow citizens. .....I cannot believe I had an enemy in the city.....unless it was old Menecrates.....who had long been

cringing round my father's infirmities, with the hopes of inheriting a considerable legacy at his death.....He,....it is true.....was less warm in his professions towards me, when he found my father had not named him in his will, and merely left a trifling legacy to Calippe as his niece.

Indeed, my fair cousin had abated somewhat of her regard.....but the reason was so natural.....I must excuse it.

At my return to Parium, she began, ...by indirect overtures.....to revive those claims in me which accident alone prevented from being much stronger than they were.....But as I did not meet her views with the warmth she wished.....I committed *that* crime which a woman never forgives.....Still we did not come to an avowed rupture.....whatever her re-

sentments were, she locked them in her own bosom.

But when I quitted my native place to settle among strangers.....and it was confidently asserted that I had turned Christian.....a general buz of disapprobation took place at Parium .....and then it was my fair cousin found a sweet opportunity to vent her revenge, and she embraced it by hinting a calumny.....which was soon established.....I shall speak of it in its proper place.

I was now free to obey my own will.....in possession of a large fortune .....and thus I acted.

When the arrangement of my father's affairs had taken place.....and all legacies.....debts.....and contingencies of every nature were discharged.....my surplus amounted to two hundred and twenty talents.

I wrote to Hegesias, stating these

circumstances; and that it was my will to contribute myself, and all I possessed, to the service of the Lord.

His reply was.....that I should meet him at Nicodemia; and that he would in the mean time consult Kerinthus .....styled our prophet.....as to the disposition of the Lord respecting me.

Sacrificing.....without a moment's hesitation.....all that ease.....affluence .....and comfort, which such a fortune, and the love of my fellow-citizens, would have procured me..... I took my passage immediately for Nicodemia.....under pretence of visiting an estate in Bithynia.....that I might not lose a moment in attaining to the glories which awaited the Children of Light.

I was received by Hegesias with brotherly love.....He introduced me to the society, which was small, and blindly guided by the influence of

their prophet.....But what ravished my soul was his assurances that the great Kerinthus was satisfied with the zeal I had hitherto manifested, and was disposed to draw the last curtain, that I might take a view of those sacred mysteries, which the greatest part of our brethren were only allowed to know symbolically.

My soul was raised to the pinnacle of expectation,....and for several weeks I received preparatory instructions from Hegesias, which he pronounced with a sanctity and solemnity altogether calculated to mould me to his entire will.....I was irradiated.....I felt as if a stream of heavenly light had burst upon me from the sky.....and, divested of all animal incumbrances...I thought I floated on the bosom of the pure air.

I was, however, disappointed....the essons I had received from Hegesias were a mere trial of my principles.....

The grand mysteries were still withheld.....They satisfied themselves with its operation on my enthusiasm.....and saw,.....that to remove the bandage would be to destroy the avidity of my inflamed temper.....They did a better thing, by contriving that I should, of my own free will and accord, vest them with my full inheritance, to assist the advancement of the kingdom of God.

Hereupon I was appointed a Missionary.....And, as I was rather too sleek and well-looking to give an idea of penitence and mortification.....my good Hegesias.....very ingeniously..... thought of a remedy, by enjoining me to observe several months' rigorous fastings.

This succeeded to a miracle.....and I was fairly changed into the ghost of Proteus.

At length Hegesias told me I was

to accompany him on a mission..... Whither he did not say.....Unconditional observance of the will of the Prophet was.....with us.....a sacred duty.

We made a long journey, wandering all over Bithynia.....Galatia.....and Phrygia.....visiting.....and inspiring..... our brethren with holy admonition, and at last reached Iconium, where Kerinthus was at the head of his principal institution.....We found him surrounded by his pupils.....He received me with unreserved kindness .....and I had no doubt left of my being in the list of his confidential followers.

He distinguished me from others of our brethren, whom he had alike appointed itinerant Apostles.....assured me he would no longer keep any secret from me.....and I was the easy .....simple.....unconscious.....dupe of this exquisitely refined artifice.

While I was preparing for my apostolate at Iconium, I became intimately acquainted with a young pupil of the name of Dionysius.....he had travelled for ten years from one seminary of philosophy to another, in pursuit of knowledge.

He met with Hegesias on their route.....and through him became acquainted with Kerinthus, who so ingratiated themselves into his affection, that he resolved to become a disciple of their order.

We were mutually pleased with each other at first sight.....had frequent private meetings.....but somehow or other.....from his having a colder temper than myself, we never came to a full and confidential explanation of each other's sentiments..... I was charmed with his society, which was at once useful and entertaining; and when the hour of separation came

we alike deplored that our connection had not been more unreserved.

I set out on my first mission attended by a young disciple of the order, and left Dionysius behind me.

My destination was Cappadocia..... I found the people tractable.....and in a few years.....I had made innumerable converts to the Kerinthian faith .....and strewed the seeds of fanaticism.....so successfully.....over the neighbouring districts, that our Prophet had little difficulty.....by his presence and the assistance of a few miracles he performed.....to train these young shoots to his own fancy.

In talking of miracles.....I do not mean that he attracted the moon from the Heavens,.....and, having played with it for a while,.....sent it back again.....or that he stopped..... at his command.....the current of a stream.....or levelled mountains with

the plain beneath them.....But I mean that he cured many diseases by his imposing and authoritative manner, ...the assistance of columns of incense.....and solemn strains sung by whole choirs of our brethren.

I was now deputed to Syria.....The conquest of this colony was material. .....Commerce made the inhabitants affluent, and he wished to have them tributary to his order.

The Syrians are in general of a warm, lively, temper and imagination; and about this time, my frenzy was at its height.....I appeared in the congregations that were under the guidance of the Bishop of Laodicea... and was received as an Angel descended from heaven for the benefit and instruction of mankind.

So prosperous were my efforts..... that in two years I had caught one half of the people of Syria, and Pa-

latine in the Kerinthian net.....The bishops and other ministers of the congregations were bribed to a tacit consent by occasional remembrances from the treasury of our order, which I had so materially contributed to support.

In the height of all this success..... when my ambition was towering..... an invisible hand.....but not from an invisible Superior.....arrested my progress.

The arrow came from Parium which wounded me at Antioch.....I afterwards learnt that my relations..... next in succession to my estates..... discovering I had no intention of returning, and that I had closely connected myself with the Christians,..... became alarmed, and determined to find me out.....In this they failed for a long time, till old Menecrates..... by a letter from a friend at Antioch

.....was informed of my being there in the capacity of a Prophet, and held in profound reverence by the Christians.

This intelligence being communicated to my relations.....they held a consultation.....on the means most likely to preserve such of my estate as remained still at Parium.....from, what they called, the fangs of the Christians; .....and the result of their deliberation was, that this *intelligent* citizen of Antioch should denounce me before the Viceroy,.....representing me to be a man dangerous to society, from my restless....enthusiastic.....disposition.... prone to inflame and disseminate discord among the citizens.....a fanatic who had madly dissipated his paternal property, from its proper heirs, in support of his unlawful doctrine.

The penal laws were severe against all private conventicles, and particu-

larly against every thing tending to support the Christian belief.....Now, although these laws had slept during the mild reign of Hadrian.....they were still in existence.....Complaints were procured to be made by the Priests.....and I was seized at a midnight meeting, while celebrating our most holy mysteries.

The officers, having rebuked my congregation, dismissed them.....and immediately carried me before a magistrate, who asked me if I was a Christian.....I replied to him.....with the zeal of a martyr....." Yes !".....In consequence I was conducted to the common jail.

At first the whole city rang with my imprisonment.....but all things have an end.....in a short time it was forgotten.....However the Christians took a very decided part in my fate, and left no means unessayed to pro-

cure my enlargement.....They had nothing to fear on their own account, as it was evident I was the sole object; but their efforts were unwearied .....and probably their zeal and activity prolonged my confinement.

I was upwards of a year in this situation.....Kerinthus and Hegesias could not openly appear my advocates; but I should be wanting in gratitude if I did not declare their efforts to have been unremitted..... They procured me all possible accommodation.....and I had more money than I could want.....Not that they enriched me, as you have stated..... The brethren of our order were uniformly liberal to such as suffered in the general cause;.....but they were too wise to be superfluous in their bounties.

For my own part I was so elated with the dignified title of a Martyr,

that for the first weeks of my imprisonment I was happier than ever I had been at any period of my life. I felt more free and independent.

This is the last stage in my history where the journey is embellished with the scenery of fancy.....My imagination gradually began to lose its high-flown tones.....and the privation presented me with a true picture of my situation.....the charms I had attached to mortification diminished.....and I began.....painfully.....to feel the uncertainty of my future doom.

The pious matrons of our order continued to minister to my wants. They feed the jailer, who suffered them occasionally to introduce the sisterhood to my cell, where we held very productive love-feasts.....Indeed they testified.....by every token..... their hearty Christian love and reverence for me.

At last I became so restless, that I discovered my couch to be none of the softest.....This was followed by sleepless nights....and agonized reflections.....Sometimes the enchantments of the villa Mamilia would obtrude themselves in their most enchanting coloring.....The contrast was terrific .....I sighed.....I turned.....I turned .....and sighed again.

These demoniac temptations I never failed to resist by austerities..... I scourged myself so unmercifully to repel the power of Satan, that my holy sisters had abundance of employment next morning in applying healing remedies to my lacerated back.

Possibly I made bad worse.....and instead of quelling.....rather invoked .....the inspirations of the Evil Spirit.... But the period is now at hand which put an end to these extravagancies, and separated me.....for ever.....from the Christians.

One night, when I lay desponding on my hard bed....and ruminating..... too feelingly.....on my unhappy lot.... the painful reverie was broken by the sudden opening of my prison-door.

A woman.....veiled from head to foot.....entered my cell,.....and placing the lamp she held upon a little table, saluted me in the manner of the Christians.....She was habited in the usual dress of a deaconess....a dark coarse woolen robe, with a leathern girdle round the middle.

But her easy, graceful figure, contrasted with her dress.....I fancied a thousand things.....expectation was on the tip-toe.....and a sort of fleeting remembrance, bewildered with a recollection of something I could not define.

I looked most intently on my unknown sister, who did not appear in any haste to relieve my anxiety..... She,.....with much composure.....

uncovered her basket, and taking out a small censor of heated coals, sprinkled it with frankincense, which most agreeably removed the damp vapours of my cell, and seemed a prelude to some sweet enchantment.

It is not easy to describe how I felt all this time.....Neither of us spoke.....I could not.....I looked..... I expected.....I had no idea what would follow.....and my impatience was excessive.

When a voice.....soft as the soothing Seraph's.....broke in sweet melody on my delighted ear.....

" Ah, brother Peregrine! is thy " memory so adverse to me, that it " whispers nothing to my heart?"

And this was uttered with those bewitching tones that had so oft seduced me.....I sprang up.....at the same moment she dropped her veil .....opened her arms.....and I held

Theoclea.....the divine Theoclea !..... in my transported embrace !

" Is it possible.....I exclaimed with " ecstacy.....that I again fold Theo- " clea to my heart.....and as a Chris- " tian too ?"

" And wherefore not ?"....she answered smilingly....." I have acted " many parts.....This, perhaps, is the " only one worth my study."

" *A part*, Theoclea !"

" Nay, Proteus, do not start..... " I mean no disrespect by the ex- " pression.....It is a language custom " has familiarized me to.....We do " not, you know, throw off old ha- " bits in a moment....I mean, simply, " that we have both improved our " pursuits, and are doubtless wiser " and better for the change."

" But art thou.....really.....what " thou seemest ?.....How was this " miracle performed ?"

" By Kerinthus!"

" Kerinthus," I replied,....." Kerin-
" thus, who so wonderfully saved me?
" .....and, has this Kerinthus also
" rescued Theoclea from the fangs of
" Demons, to make her an associate
" with the Angels of Light?"

" Many, and marvellous....my dear
" Proteus,.....are the events I have to
" relate.....But prithee cease this lan-
" guage, which you utter with as much
" fluency as if you had never spoken
" any other.....Come, be intelligible.
" But first attend to me.....I am.....
" what you will never suspect me to
" be.....I am....."

" Nay.....speak.....or I shall burst
" with impatience....What art thou?"

" I am....." said she, and smiled,....
" the sister of the great Kerinthus."

" Art thou in earnest?.....Say!.....
" The sister of Kerinthus!...Thou,....

" Anagallis !....Theoclea !...thou,...the
" sister of Kerinthus!"

" Own sister,....my dear Peregrine,
" .....to the great Prophet."

She took my hand, and pressed it affectionately, as if in confirmation of the fact.

I believe, Lucian, I could have resisted this enchantress notwithstanding the delicious recollections which her presence called to my mind, had she not been thus armed with a new and unexpected charm.....To that I yielded;....and the confirming....gentle pressure of her hand, carried its enfluence to my heart.

I fell.....staggering,.....at her feet,.... clasped her knees with the convulsive grasp of madness.....Then starting,..... I pushed her from me.....and the next moment held her in my arms, folding her with tumultuous transport....Then I ran my head against the wall, like

one frantic, and.....rebounding,.....fell on a couch; when,....sobbing as if my very heart would rush from its confinement.....I burst into a flood of tears and found relief.

This saved my reason.....I gazed for some time on Theoclea with indiscribable emotion, as she hung over me .....terrified at my frenzied conduct..... and, drawing her towards the couch, my head sank on her bosom, and her circling arm supported me.

" Well then,"....I faintly uttered... " this too has been all illusion..... " but *thou* art still reality;...and, whe- " ther as Anagallis.....Theoclea.....or " in what other shape thou comest " before me.....no art.....disguise or " circumstance, can make the other " than thyself...Tell me, Oh! Theoclea " .....thou dost not deceive me?"

Instead of replying.....she embraced me.....not as she had been accustomed .....with all the prolific eagarness of

love ;....but with the calm composure of a sister,...entreating me to moderate my transports.

" When thou art calm, ".....she added....." I have much to tell thee..... " Be seated, dearest Peregrine, here are " some refreshments which will do " thee good ;....and I am not without " a hope, that the pleasure of my pre- " sence will beguile thee of all sad re- " flection.....No one will interrupt us " .....this night is all our own,....even " your partizans without the door are " sent away by order of the police..... " Theoclea,.....thou well knowest..... " never does things by halves."

While speaking, she unpacked the basket, and then throwing off her leathern girdle and the woollen robe .....she stood before me the bewitching Representative of every earthly joy.

A white muslin tunic,.....in easy

folds,.....flowed gracefully around her charming person.....A simple zone of artificial rosebuds.....blushing in a bed of virgin lilies,.....embraced her waist.....Small roguish curls wantoned o'er her forehead.....heightening the beauty they half concealed.....Her all-conquering smile, once more, darted its influence through my heart.....and I gazed.....like one entranced.....on the light fairy form that blessed my sight.

Thus dangerously tempting.....the magic of a feeble lamp dawning on her revealed attractions.....the long separation we had suffered.....the silent hour of night.....all.....produced the revival of a passion which my heart too eagerly cherished for this seducing creature, and, in an instant, changed the temperance of seven years into the most furious.....

I cannot find a word.....The high-minded enthusiast.....who,.....by zeal

and mortification, had near attained the perfection of an Angel.....in one short moment.....was metamorphosed by this Circe into a vile Satyr.

Theoclea suffered what she could not avoid.....My rage was irresistible .....the door was barred on the outside.....more.....or louder.....resistance would only have made us the jest of Antioch.....It would besides have raised a calumny against our cause.....All this Theoclea saw, and wisely yielded to the momentary tempest.....She was, notwithstanding, seriously offended with me.....my conduct disconcerted her whole plan.

At length.....with much intreaty..... she was appeased.....We applied to the basket, and some flasks of excellent wine having enlivened our spirits..... former good-fellowship was restored .....and I requested she would explain to me the sort of miracle that had con-

verted Anagallis.....the stage dancer.... into a devout sister of the great Prophet Kerinthus.

" I came hither" she replied, " to " unfold all these mysteries to you, " and to let you see by what means " the easy confidante of a voluptuous " lady's pleasures, has been trans- " formed into the sublime personage " you now behold.

" Truly, Proteus, I do not place " much reliance on your wisdom..... " but I will obey my own heart, and " confide to your esteem.....which I " have ever believed sincere.....the " secrets of my soul."

She now paused.....and proposed..... as the only condition on which our future intimacy could exist.....that I should bind myself solemnly before Heaven, to consider her only as my sister, and adopt such sentiments as that character ought to inspire.

I naturally hesitated....but Theoclea was determined.....I made the vow.... and she began her narrative.

" Kerinthus is a few years my elder
" .....we lost our parents.....who
" were Jews.....when very young....
" and in this helpless state were left
" on the wide world.....orphans.....
" and in extreme indigence.

" Thus forlorn.....my brother and
" myself were induced to enter a
" troop of itinerant dancers, and we
" continued the profession for some
" years.

" As I approached womanhood, it
" was my fate to captivate a certain
" .....very retired.....philosopher at
" Athens.....named Hermias.....and
" though he.....openly.....affected
" merely to cultivate what he was
" pleased to call my brilliant talents
" .....he was not.....privately.....quite
" so disinterested.....To his care,

" however, I owe all the advantages
" I possess.....Every master was sum-
" moned who could embellish or im-
" prove me.....and to this, my second
" father, I gratefully confess more
" than a daughter's tenderness.

" In a few years death.....unhap-
" pily.....deprived me of this dear
" support.....and having but little
" fortune to bequeath me.....poverty,
" in time, renewed its visits, and my
" only alternative was, resorting to
" my former occupation.

" In this character I became an
" universal favorite.....and the empire
" of Anagallis.....over all hearts.....
" was unbounded.....But fickle
" Fortune had been less kind to my
" brother.....he was the sport of her
" capricious fancy.

" My good Hermias.....from his
" unfeigned regard from me....endea-
" voured from our first acquaintance

" to provide for him, and introduced
" him to different situations wherein
" he might have prospered.....But the
" restless genius of Kerinthus soared
" above the mechanical tracks of the
" plodding world....and, after various
" adventures.....he lastly travelled
" over Chaldea and Media to the
" sacred city of Balk, with a deter-
" mination to become a pupil in the
" school of the great Zoroaster.

" Captivating all eyes.....and en-
" slaving all hearts.....wherever I
" appeared.....is it wonderful,.....
" if, in the contemplation of my own
" power.....I insensibly forgot my
" poor brother.....Thus, ten years
" rolled on with me, in luxury, when
" he recalled himself to my memory
" by proposing an undertaking which
" teemed with much mutual advan-
" tage.

" He wrote me word, that he was

" head of a band of Priests of Isis,
" who wandered from province to
" province, beguiling superstitious
" fanatics of their money, by pre-
" tended magical operations.....That
" nothing was wanting to crown
" their power over the weak and
" ignorant tribes of Galatia and Pon-
" tus, but the mystery of an Oracle
" .....That he wished me to assume
" the garb and character of a priestess
" to such oracle; and added enough
" to convince me of the advanta-
" geous consequences which would
" follow such a step.

" I was delighted with the novelty
" of this proposal;.....and being fa-
" tigued with the labors of a theatre,
" I readily consented;.....and fore-
" saw a thousand agreeable oppor-
" tunities of employing my inven-
" tive genius.....One other induce-
" ment, indeed, impelled me to the

" act.....My expences were enor-
" mous, and my fame on the decline
" .....it was necessary to do some-
" thing.

" I now repaired to Smyrna, where
" my brother anxiously awaited my
" arrival.....I was eager to pursue
" the instructions he gave me;.....and
" we commenced our operations.....
" so successfully.....that our fondest
" hopes were justified by the event.

" At first, this rambling kind of
" life pleased me;.....but I found
" so many adventures and difficulties
" mingled with the sweets, that I
" endeavored to persuade Kerinthus
" to assist me in turning our talents
" to some pursuit.....more honorable
" .....and more worthy our aspiring
" wishes.

" At this critical moment, chance
" made me acquainted with the beau-
" tiful Mamilia, and we were so

" pleased with each other at first " sight, that we vowed an eternal " friendship.

" My brother was absent when " this intimacy commenced, of which " I informed him by letter, and he " made no difficulty to leave me in " so promising a situation; particu- " larly as he was then busily em- " ployed in arranging that grand sys- " tem he has since so successfully " pursued.

" He obtained my promise, how- " ever, to keep up a regular corre- " spondence with him, and to be de- " voted to the furtherance of his plan, " whenever it should ripen, and my " assistance become necessary.

" I believe, Proteus,".....and her fascinating smile played roguishly around her lip....." I need not be par- " ticular in describing my connection " with the lady Mamilia.....I shall

" therefore hasten to an event that
" took place soon after you left the
" Villa, which will unravel your mis-
" terious adventure with the Stranger
" at Smyrna.

" Kerinthus, by his letter, informed
" me he had engaged in a sphere in
" which he was calculated to appear
" with advantage, and employ his
" talents with honor.....Still he did
" not explicitly unbosom himself.....I
" was left in the dark as to the
" nature of his views.....though he
" constantly assured me the time
" would come, when my co-opera-
" tion would be necessary to crown
" his ambitious hopes.

" I remained long in this aukward
" uncertainty, when.....a few days
" after your departure from Halicar-
" nassus.....he made me an unex-
" pected visit.....On this occasion, he
" unfolded to me the whole of his

" views, by which I found that he
" appeared like an invisible Monarch
" presiding over an invisible king-
" dom.

" You know Kerinthus,.....by his
" genius.....intrepidity.....and per-
" severance.....he formed the stu-
" pendous idea of organizing a system
" to enslave the opinions of man-
" kind, and render them subservient
" to his guidance.

" He was born a Christian.....and
" the quickness of his apprehension
" soon leading him to the develope-
" ment of their principles, he em-
" ployed his eloquence.....persuasion
" .....fire;.....managed his public
" discourses with such refinement,
" that all his favorite ideas commu-
" nicated with the minds of his hear-
" ers;.....and he gradually pursued
" his zeal, till he raised himself to
" the distinguished post he now holds

" among them.....And, as he told me
" that he placed a perfect confi-
" dence in my talents, I readily con-
" sented to employ my mental en-
" dowments towards the advance-
" ment of a project I felt to be
" the most brilliant and productive
" that could possibly be attempted.
" Still I was too much attached to
" Mamilia.....or rather to the luxurious
" indulgence I lived in with her.....to
" reconcile an abrupt departure.....
" This I explained to my brother,
" who only half yielded to my rea-
" soning.....and as we warmly de-
" bated the subject.....what should
" present itself to my imagination,
" but the full-length portrait of my
" dear fugitive, Proteus.
" Cease, brother,.....I exclaimed
" with transport.....all further con-
" troversy.....I have just discovered a
" treasure which I will lay open be-

" fore you, and it will richly com-
" pensate for the loss of my com-
" pany.

" I then told him, I knew a youth
" who appeared to me expressly
" formed by nature for the advance-
" ment of his fortunes.....I disclosed
" to him the whole of your history....
" and you will readily imagine how
" eagerly he devoured my words, as
" I described the extraordinary.....
" decided.....and amiable enthu-
" siast.

" I imagined you had taken the
" road to Smyrna, and Kerinthus, at
" my request, instantly resolved to
" follow you.....To provide
" against accident, he dispatched in-
" numerable enquiries all around,
" to ascertain the certainty of your
" residence.

" All succeeded.....I received let-
" ters of thanks from Kerinthus, in-

" forming me of the steps he had
" taken, and the unbounded advan-
" tages he expected to derive from so
" promising a pupil.

" I continued with the beautiful
" Mamilia, till she became wearied
" of the very pleasures which sur-
" rounded her.....and she determined
" on quitting Asia Minor.....I attended
" her to the famous baths of Daphne,
" near Antioch.....thence to Alexan-
" dria.....and we returned to Baiæ,
" in Italy, where the fair Roman
" possessed a very charming seat,
" which she resolved to make her
" residence for a time.

" Here she found the manners of
" her new acquaintance so congenial
" with her own, that she entirely
" threw off the restraint which de-
" cency sometimes compelled her to
" wear.....and yielded....with so little
" moderation.....to every species of

" licentiousness, that.....even I.....
" could no longer continue with her
" .....We parted.....and I joined my
" brother.

" This happened shortly after you
" were sent upon your mission to the
" Syrian coast;....and, as my first in-
" quiries were after you,.....Kerinthus
" detailed the nature of your labors
" in the vineyard of the Lord;.....but
" I found by his discourse, he was so
" far from thinking you worthy his
" confidence, that he merely used you
" as a simpleton, whose enthusiasm
" he could divert into any, and every,
" channel he might think most con-
" venient for his own purposes.

" At this discovery.....I started.....
" the warmth of our firm attachment
" .....nay.....my unceasing esteem.....
" fired at the idea.....and I could not
" bear to think, that my dear Proteus
" should appear so insignificant in
" any body's eyes.

" This led to many disputes.....but
" I found Kerinthus predetermined
" against all I could advance....Indeed
" the Prophet had taken it into his
" head, that your enthusiasm would
" most essentially serve his cause....in
" the character of an apostle.....or.....
" if necessary.....that of a martyr.....
" and that it would be impolitic to
" reveal to you more than would
" assist his views.

" My brother must forgive it, if
" my conduct bears the semblance
" of treachery towards him.....But
" never, my dear Peregrine! will your
" friend Theoclea stand by,.....an un-
" concerned spectator,.....while your
" glowing zeal is leading you imper-
" ceptibly to the sacrifice.....No !.....
" if Kerinthus wants martyrs.....let
" him find them, without doing vio-
" lence to the tenderest emotions of
" my heart.

" To suffer the mind.....at times....

" to float in a visionary world, pro-
" duces an harmless and a transient
" pleasure;.....but to suffer it blindly
" to pursue an enthusiastic dream for
" life.....to be the passive agent of de-
" ception.....is to become a despi-
" cable slave.....At the villa Mamilia
" Theoclea blinded your eyes to make
" you happy.....She now opens them
" to produce the same effect."

My fair companion continued her discourse.....and fancying she had gained her point.....by removing the veil which had deceived me.....and by surmounting my natural abhorrence to deceive others.....looked up to meet my smile of approbation.

I confess that the ingenuity of her arguments.....confirmed by her eloquently-pleading eyes.....the seduction of her voice.....and the bewitching charms of her whole person..... transiently overcame me.....She hailed

the auspicious moment.....and anticipated the pleasures of her triumph.

" The Viceroy...dearest Proteus...." she continued, " is one of my best " friends.....Do not be angry.....My " claims upon him commenced at the " baths of Daphne.....I cannot con- " ceal any thing from you, even at the " expence of my blushes.....Your de- " liverance is at hand.....I have called " you my near relation.....and the " Prince's order will release you in " the morning.....I have represented " you to him, as an harmless vision- " ary.....possessing very shining " talents to counterbalance that foible " .....and intreating indulgence for the " errors of your flighty imagination."

She then gave me some instructions how to behave when the Roman satraps made their appearance in the morning .....appointed a place where we should meet after my liberation.....embraced .....and left me.

It is wonderful.....yet true.....that the charm by which this uncommon woman held me enslaved.....dissolved always when she disappeared.....The instant I found myself alone, I was like the lover who has fancied, for the whole night that his arms circled the dear object of his fondest wishes, and who,.....waking.....discovers himself within the embraces of a loathsome hag.

The conduct of Kerinthus *had* fascinated me....The whole ardour of my soul followed his doctrine....But, when I perceived the plot required a consummate Actress to support it.....all the magnificence of the scenery vanished... Delusion was at an end.....and I plainly saw the traps which lay artfully concealed beneath the stage.

It was enough to know, it was a cloud I held within my arms..and not a Juno ...The sooner, therefore, I could disengage from the deception.....the better;

.....the only difficulty, was how to escape from Theoclea...whose penetration was so quick-sighted, and whom I must see when liberated.....Besides, I was aware of the weakness of my own heart, and her absolute ascendency over it....To see her would be death to all my resolutions.....Who could resist the wiles of Theoclea?.....When argument failed,...persuasion sued....When I hesitated,....the tenderest and most seducing caresses summoned me to surrender....and, when I continued still a Stoic,...the system of artifice was enforced by tears.

Precipitate flight appeared to me the only safe method I could adopt, to get out of the magic circle, before this enchantress bound me by additional spells....The immense sums which had issued from my estates into the treasury of this community could not withhold me a moment.....I was a second time precipitated from the heights of my

ambition.....and in this greater.....every meaner consideration was lost.

All happened precisely as Theoclea foretold.....In the morning I was led before the Viceroy.....I had meditated an appeal to this worthy Prince in favor of the Christians, but found him so surrounded by his court.....that he either wanted time.....or inclination.....to afford me an opportunity of delivering it.

Having asked me one or two questions.....and my replies being calculated to confirm the representations of Theoclea.....he smiled ironically..... and dismissed me, as a character from whom the public tranquillity had nothing to apprehend.....but ordered me instantly to quit the province of Syria, and on no pretence whatever to collect any unlawful assembly in future.

Of the complaint.....made against me by my relations.....no notice was

taken.....and I am not without a suspicion, that my dear Theoclea,.....who was a partner with her brother in the profits of their trade.....had privately silenced the Viceroy on the subject of my hereditary estate.

Thus ended this troublesome affair... and I had, at least, the consolation to find, my relations not benefited by their perfidy.

I have said I could not avoid seeing Theoclea.....She impatiently awaited my dismissal.....and, when I went to the appointed place, she received me with open arms...Indeed, such was the extravagance of her undissembled joy .....I could perceive my resolution falter.....The awkward constraint of my behaviour alarmed this singular woman. She discovered extreme uneasiness ...and, to soothe her, I had recourse to lies.....lies which looked most like truth.....or which, indeed, had some truth mingled with them.

This was a sort of conscientious roguery!

I now complained of her cruelty in imposing those vows she had extorted from me the preceding evening..... which I assured her were painful in the extreme.....and did much violence to the sentiments she had long inspired me with.

Her reply was calmly deliberate..... She said, I might obtain from her heart concessions in my favor.....if I proved worthy of them.

Our conversation led to past remembrances...Imperceptibly....I grew warmer and warmer.....till at last I was so perfectly at the disposal of this all-conquering woman.....that she might have made my retreat impracticable by the slightest condescension, had she retained a doubt of my intended infidelity.

I escaped by a miracle.....for while

my whole soul was melting under the impression of those blissful hours we had mutually enjoyed in the Fairy Palace of Mamilia.....I felt the impossibility of persisting in deception.....and my willing heart would have removed with eagerness any scruple she might .....in such a moment.....have expressed.

Happily.....however.....Theoclea was conscious of the weakness of her own heart.....and the powerful influence of such tender recollections....She therefore...artfully...and with that winning delicacy which so eminently distinguished all her graceful actions .....drew me from the subject, by particularising the most remarkable occurrences which had happened to her during the seven years of our separation.

This was exactly what saved me..... for the confidence she vested me with

opened my eyes.....anew.....to the versatility of her mimic powers.....and was the strongest confirmation of the perpetual danger which would hang over a man with my infirmity.....and make it impossible.....in so finished an adept....to distinguish between Nature and Art.

On the third day, I was to quit Antioch.....Theoclea had arranged every thing for our departure.....and the intermediate time was employed in seeing each other as often as possible.

Kerinthus waited for us at Damascus...On the fourth night of our journey.....when we reached the inn..... Theoclea complained of excessive fatigue, and retired almost immediately to her chamber.

Now was my time....or never!

Luckily, we had a warm dispute the preceding day on the subject of hypocrisy.....and the result of this argu-

ment gave additional force to my determination.

We were at Gabala, at the house of a good widow.....a Christian.....who lived on the rents of a small estate, and.....being childless....had appointed Kerinthus.....or rather the strong box governed by him.....her heir.....so that I had no qualms at deserting Theoclea when she was in such good hands..... I left her the greater part of a sum of money she gave to my keeping when we left Antioch, though I think I might.....without adding to my sins .....have kept the whole as a small remuneration for the rich offerings I had made in the common cause.

I wrote a letter to Theoclea, stating, " that the developement she had fur-
" nished me with on the mysteries of
" Kerinthus, made me feel it necessary
" to disentangle myself from so dan-
" gerous a connection.....that I re-

" leased all parties from any future
" claim that might be made on the
" many sums of money the commu-
" nity had received from me, and on
" my account.....and that I therefore
" hoped they would absolve me.....
" henceforward.....from the duties
" I had taken upon myself when I
" entered my noviciate, as it would
" be impossible I should continue to
" fulfil them;.....that I hoped they
" knew me well enough to be satis-
" fied, my heart was incapable of act-
" ing to their prejudice."

As soon as the family were quietly disposed of in the arms of Morpheus, ...I arose.....and retreating through a small window which looked from my apartment into the garden.....by an effort scarcely to be called a leap .....I found myself at full liberty.

This was effected with less trouble .....and less anxiety.....than my escape

from the apartment of my beautiful cousin at Parium.....I wandered about all night in a kind of ecstacy.....and just as the dawn peeped, I found myself near the sea-shore.....I instantly hired a fishing-smack, which transported me in a few hours to Laodicea.

Here I began to reflect on my situation.....and to deliberate on the step next to be pursued.....but I by no means felt free from embarrassment .....I could not reconcile to myself the ingratitude which attached to my conduct in deserting a friend who had risked so much for my sake.....Had she not just freed me from an imprisonment which, without her interference, might have been endless?... . Had she not unmasked her brother, to save me from being the willing victim of his duplicity?.....Had she not, by this confidence, endangered him.....herself.....the whole sect?..... and all out of pure regard to me?

" Fie, Peregrine!" I exclaimed.....
" art thou.....who hast displayed in
" all thy wanderings the moral feel-
" ings of a generous heart.....at last
" become the abject minion of ingra-
" titude?....Resume that worth which
" balanced all thy former deviations...
" and, if thou canst not, now, be
" generous.....at least be just."

Then, as my yielding soul pleaded guilty to the charge.....Reason stood up.....the advocate of my conduct..... and argued thus.

" Too volatile.....unstable.....
" Proteus!.....hast thou so soon for-
" gotten the delusive grove of the
" voluptuous Venus of Urania?.....
" the fascination of the artificial Pries-
" tess, whose enchantment fettered
" thy nobler purposes, and chained
" thee to the oar of profligacy?.....
" Is thy soul purified from the effects
" of her levity.....her obstinacy.....

" her vanity!.....Hast thou then for-
" gotten her transcendent powers in
" the mimic art?.....the facility with
" which she made all characters sub-
" servient to her will?....the seducing
" rhetoric of her specious tongue?....
" the bewitching graces of her per-
" son?.....the dangerous pressure of
" her Syren lips?.....And canst thou,
" still, depend on her sincerity?.....
" confide in the apparent magnani-
" mity of her friendship.....or sup-
" pose her confidence free from all
" selfish art or refined policy?.....
" Thou hast been misled.....thou hast
" seen the mock angel Kerinthus in
" his own demon's form.....thy au-
" thority unquestionable.....haste,
" then.....ere a demon's fangs em-
" brace you to destruction."

Once more I assumed courage..... and irrevocably fixed my resolution.

Notwithstanding the Christian fund

had swallowed up the greater part of my fortune.....still I had enough left on my landed estate at Parium to supply a moderate man's wants..... I felt no regret at the privation my folly occasioned, by the disposition of the bulk of my riches.....I left Kerinthus, with a consciousness that my error sprang from the purest motives, and that I was right in disengaging myself from his artifices the moment I discovered the fraud..... But I had formed....during my bigotry to his sect and principles.....one attachment.....which my heart still claimed kindred with, and panted to repossess.

I mean the good.....the benevolent, artless, family, whom I became acquainted with in the forest between Pitane and Pergamos.

My ambition.....nay, my hopes..... had suffered a dreadful shipwreck.....

and to this solitary plank my almost expiring expectations clung...it seemed to offer safety to my agitated frame .....I therefore proposed returning to Parium.....converting all my property into cash....and then joining with this peaceful.....innocent family.....to end my days in the earthly Paradise, where one heart.....one soul.....one inclination.....would give a pure enjoyment to this life.....afford me blissful expectations of the future;.....and, in this blest seclusion, still attain the ultimate object of my desires.

How this might have answered my expectations....Heaven only knows.... Destiny.....for this once.....opposed my inclinations.....and diverted my pursuits into a different channel.

A very unexpected meeting with an old acquaintance, whom I had not heard of for some years, occasioned this change.

I was waiting at Licidas for a ship to take me across to Mitylene.....and one day....as I was walking along the quay.....anxiously expecting some vessel to enter the port bound for my destination.....a Man.....hanging on the arm of his friend.....accosted me.

I was at first surprised.....but my astonishment was soon converted into pleasure, when I recognised my old friend Dionysius of Sinope, whom I had left at Iconium, when I set out on my mission for Syria.

We were mutually delighted at this meeting.....and, introducing me to his friend.....we all three retired to his house, where he most pressingly offered me all the rites of hospitality.

I believe I have already said, that this amiable young man carried a key about him which admitted him..... without ceremony.....to the hearts of all who knew him.....We recovered

our former familiar intimacy.....and soon had no secret between us.

I should however tell you.....that as soon as our agitation at the unlooked-for pleasure of seeing each other had subsided.....I began to peruse the friend of Dionysius, who was an inmate at his table, and appeared to possess his whole esteem.

I was singularly prepossessed in his favor.....his figure was uncommonly elegant.....his countenance noble and intelligent.....and his manners those of a man of the world.....But my esteem increased when Dionysius smilingly said....." In my friend Agathon " .....Peregrine will find a mind as " enthusiastic as his own.....he has " been,....like him.....the victim of " illusion.....and fondled in the fleet- " ing joys of imagination.....Though " you are both dear to me.....and I " am sufficiently informed of your

" tempers and characters to say thus
" much.....still I am ignorant of the
" particulars of your romantic lives,
" and should feel myself delighted in
" the detail, if you entertain friend-
" ship enough for me to grant me
" the indulgence."

I readily assented.....Agathon did the same.

I told my story....and Dionysius, being a declared enemy to enthusiasm, heard me with incredulous wonder.... He seemed perfectly satisfied that Nature might make one woman a Mamilia Quintilla.....another a Theoclea ....and that Art might be able to form a Kerinthus....or an Hegesias;.....but, how Nature or Art.....individually or combined.....could construct a Peregrine Proteus, he was altogether at a loss to conceive.

He congratulated me, however, on the experience I had gained.....though

dearly bought.....which he said was the only thing that could have restored a mind like mine to reason..... But my good host started when he found I was far from being awakened to common sense.....that the fascination of my evil genius still retained its authority.....and that I was as distant as ever from possessing the talisman that could free me from its power.

There was something so innocent .....simple.....and rational in my project of spending my remaining days in the family of the amiable Johannes, I could not comprehend how any one .....even the cold-blooded Dionysius .....could find an argument to oppose it.

I began to fancy I had too hastily sketched my portrait of these good people.....I therefore began a more finished drawing of their virtues.....

the content and happiness that awaited me among them.....and left no effort unessayed to perfect my design.

My eagerness produced an effect directly contrary to my wishes.

" It is a doubt with me,"....replied Dionysius,....." whether I ought to " attempt curing you of so harmless " and agreeable an illusion as this " appears to be.....but it is too evi- " dent, fancy has once more got up- " permost in your heart.....Yet you " may depend.....when the deception " is over.....it will be a less easy task " to free yourself from these good " souls, than from the impostors you " have hitherto herded with.....Be " content, my dear Proteus, with " your good fortune.....You have al- " ready been so lucky as to get your " neck out of the noose.....do not " tempt fate any more.

" You have hitherto suffered your-

" self to be blinded by two objects,
" .....Sentiment and Imagination.....
" Pleasant companions, I confess.....
" but dangerous guides through the
" intricacies of life....All who accom-
" pany them on the journey, are cer-
" tain of being led astray.

" This is a truth experience might
" have taught you.....but you resist
" its precepts.....Take my advice.....
" follow my example.....You have
" escaped from the snares of Ke-
" rinthus by one leap....do not, by
" another.....stumble on new diffi-
" culties.....or persist in your
" communion with the tribe.....That
" which you seek.....my dear Pere-
" grine.....is not to be found either
" here or there.....It does not exist in
" any party or sect...It is in THYSELF
" .....or it is no where."

Such were the reflections of my friend Dionysius.....but very different

would have been those of Agathon, had he indulged them aloud.....I could perceive the interest with which he listened to my adventures...the warmth of his admiration....and a coincidence of mind and sentiment appeared in all his gestures.

Agathon being now reminded by Dionysius of his promise, recounted as follows:

"I cannot sufficiently admire the "chance which directed me in my "voyage from Smyrna to the same "vessel in which you, my dear Dio- "nysius, had taken your passage...To "meet a friend in a stranger....one,... "with whom I could relieve my "surcharged heart of many painful "recollections.....was a blessing Aga- "thon can never learn sufficiently to "appreciate.....and the tender con- "cern you partook in my fate..... "which you have very partially un-

" derstood.....leads me to gratify you " with the following detail of my " adventures.

" I was eighteen"...continued *Agathon.....before I knew who my parents were....and was placed from my earliest infancy in the temple of Delphos, where I imbibed.....as might naturally be expected.....all the ideas of the priests, under whose tuition I was educated.....When very young, I assumed the sacred vest...worn by the votaries of Apollo.....and commenced my duty in the Holy Fane.

" All who have been at Delphos,.... or are acquainted with the services of the Temple.....will readily conceive that a heart full of sensibility.....so fostered.....must acquire a peculiar mode of thinking.

* Vide Wieland's Agathon.....These Memoirs are introduced to supply passages (necessarily omitted) in Peregrine Proteus.

" Every niche in this Temple conspires to fill the beholder with awe.... Tradition has handed down to superstitious posterity such a chain of Miracles.....that every side of the wall to which you may turn.....offers to your view a new and solemn object consecrated to the memory of some wonderful event....Added to this..... all Delphos believe in the absolute presence and superintendence of the God.

" Thus my eyes.....from the first moment they could distinguish....were accustomed to gaze on every thing wonderful.....and my ears eagerly caught the sounds of surprizing events, which my tutors earnestly sought to impress on my belief.

" This was a most necessary study... as it soon became my duty to attend strangers.....whose curiosity brought them to visit the temple.....and, to

describe the origin.....merits.....or character, of the innumerable paintings.....statues.....and sculptures....., which embellished it.....as well as to make a pompous display of the singularly beautiful and costly presents with which the zealous partisans of the Deity had filled the apartments and domes of this splendid edifice.

" Nothing so astonishes the senses of inexperience as the dazzling view of immense riches.....I was accustomed to behold gold.....silver.....jewels..... pearls.....and every precious kind of curiosity.....which the offerings of Crowned Heads.....of Cities....and of private Wealth had been.....for centuries past.....pouring into our treasury.

" I knew not how other minds might have borne the constant sight of all this magnificence.....but I grew fatigued with viewing such gorgeous

pageantry of devout superstition.....I considered them as glittering baubles .....of no more consequence than the play-thing of a child, which the want of novelty soon robs of captivation..... The simple statue of a Solon, in my eyes .....possessed infinitely more charms.

" I was too young....for a long time .....to form any adequate idea of the real worth of these deified heroes..... I surveyed these images attentively.... and, while I pondered on the virtues which distinguished their originals..... I could feel my heart inspired with veneration and respect for such superior excellencies.

From the effects these powerful objects had on my fancy then,.....I have since learnt to applaud the Grecian Priests, who so wisely deified the Muses, and the Graces....Religion depends on impression...Its interests are preserved by the avidity with which

we receive them in our infancy....., and, when Reason would enable us to judge for ourselves, the Sentiment is so indelibly engraven on the heart, it resists all innovation.

" Sperstition has no absolute advantage over reason;.....but advantages are created by its early admission into the heart, before our unfolding faculties can oppose its entrance.....How simple a task it is, to mould an unformed mind!.....particularly when the fascinating art of astonishing the soul, acts as a prelude to ensnare it..... What can be more natural, than to believe in the divinity of an Appollo .....to feel his influence.....his *very Presence*.....when every object which surrounds you, from the first dawn of observation, proclaims the workmanship and dwelling of a Superior!

" Who can behold the unrivalled statue of Phidias, and not ascribe its

excellence to super-human powers !... .....The minds of Men are as various as their birth and education.....Hence the heroic bravery of the Spartan.... the insinuating politeness of the Athenian.....the pompous arrogance of the Asiatic.

The mathematician looks down contemptuously on the poet.....the thrifty merchant laughs at the speculating philosopher.....The one seeks to grasp a real object.....and mocks the visionary pursuits of the other.....The mere mechanic is a machine who cannot move, except when he is wound up by certain springs.....The rough sailor personifies the boisterous element to which he is attached.....The soldier habitually despises the danger he is accustomed to.....and the untutored peasant is crafty by nature, though unacquainted with the refinements of art.

This is the source of enthusiasm.... or rather enthusiasm itself.....it is the natural disposition of the soul.....and ....properly restricted.....would ensure our happiness.

As I advanced in life.....my imagination.....thus heated by my early pursuits.....became so elevated.....my ideas so abstracted.....that all I saw fell infinitely short of those expectations which the rich luxuriance of my glowing fancy had created.

In this state.....one of the priests of Delphos...whose intentions I was then ignorant of..... undertook to initiate me in the occult mysteries of the Orphean philosophy.

This was the only system held in estimation by our priests.....it had reason for its support...and fixed the faith on a firmer basis than any sophistry which arises from traditionary legends.....or poetic fables.

I was transported with my new lessons!....The good priest.....who was a scientific professor of the whole Egytian secret mythology.....led me into a region of spirits.....He exposed to my delighted view a new world, inhabited by immortal beauties.

I had just attained that age when we shake off the shackles of childhood, and begin to move independently thro' life....This is the moment when we look around us with astonishment at all we behold.....Our curiosity pants after a solution of the properties of our own nature.....a definition of the cause which has placed us on a particular spot.....and given us particular propensities.... without even our own concurrence.

How infatuating then must that philosophy be, which could.....at the same moment.....solve our doubts, and indulge that romantic turn, which is

the peculiar attribute of youth.....a philosophy,.....which answers all enquiries...unriddles every paradox....and solves the most intricate problems..... A philosophy.....so peculiarly adapted to youth.....that it sympathizes with the warm enthusiastic heart....detaches all dull inanimate objects from the surface of the globe.....peoples the earth with lovely visionary beings..... and fills up every vacancy in the mind with ideally-important circumstances.

Such a philosophy was in itself too excellent.....too flattering to mortal pride.....too congenial with our leading propensities, too agreeable to our fondest wishes.....too gratifying to our secret inclinations.....not to impress the mind with a perfect persuasion of its truth;....and it must be confessed, that the noblest inspirations of the heart act in conformity with all that is wild and romantic in this particular species of Philosophy.

Even in these dreams of fancy..... which to men of more sedate and solid habits appear extravagant..... I can distinguish more reality....a more positive incentive to good.....a more extended prospect of delight....a more productive source of absolute content and happiness,....than in all the gratifications we borrow from the indulgence of our senses.

But I digress.....instead of relating to you the disposition of my mind..... I am justifying its bias.....Let me merely add, that the tenets of the Orphean and Pythagorean philosophy regulated all my principles.....influenced all my wishes.....and gave a cast to my future views in life, which engrossed every faculty of my soul, and elevated my thoughts to superior enjoyments.

The Priest, who was my tutor, appeared charmed with the uncommon

delight I took in this sublime study..... He eagerly sought to fan my glowing infatuation, and gradually mount it to such a pitch as would best fit me for his purposes.

I was young.....and attributed all he did to the noblest motives.....My faith insensibly became implicit..... and so well did he regulate his lessons .....that I began seriously to debate with myself, whether it was not possible to hold communication with superior spirits.

I privately fostered this idea for some time, till I found little difficulty to obtain what I so much wished, and history sanctioned my expectations.

Had not the Gods at different times revealed themselves to mortals? and do we not read of individuals being distinguished as their favorites?..... Ganymede.....Endymion.....and many others.....are reported to have been

so favored.....I translated all the poets said on this subject, into a confirmation of my own sublime ideas.....and the purity of the soul.....cleansed from all sensual habits.....appeared to me a leading recommendation to the favor of the Gods, and to qualify us for their superior converse.

To my master Theogiton I at length explained my sentiments.....and he, ...by his replies,.....contrived rather to increase than satisfy my curiosity. .....He gave me to understand these were mysteries he hesitated to confide to my youth.....but assured me of their possibility.....and drew such a picture of the bliss of those who were considered worthy the converse of the Deities, as inflamed my mind to an extravagant state of anxiety.

The solemnity of his manner, when I begged to ask how that happiness might be attained.....filled me with

awe.....and I resolved to await his own free will to enlighten me on the subject.....In this, however, I was disappointed;.....but he continued to keep my curiosity awake, till I could no longer resist proposing new questions to him.

At last he conducted me to a grotto in the consecrated grove of Apollo..... which, according to the public belief, is supposed to have been the dwelling of the sacred Nymphs....whose images .....cut out in cypress.....occupy the niches which surround the interior of this grotto.

Here.....pointing to a mossy bank .....he seated himself at my side; and after some prefatory discourse.....calculated to elevate my expectations..... he began to unveil the holy mysteries of Hermes and Orpheus.....Numberless ablutions.....repeated offerings of incense.....and divers mysterious incantations, preceded the ceremony.

" All this" said he, " is necessary " to detach the soul from its earthly " bonds, and enable it freely to con- " template Divinity.

" Our frail mortality would be un- " equal to sustain the bright glories " of celestial perfection, if its splendor " was not softened by a kind of cor- " poreal veil.....We should.....like " Semele.....be consumed by its ra- " diance."

Simple and enthusiastic, I implicitly believed all he said.....devoured the words and actions of the solemn Theogiton with religious wonder.....and improved so rapidly by his instructions, that I could think of nothing.....sleeping or waking,.....but these sublime visions to which I was soon to be admitted....Indeed so flattering were my dreams, that I sometimes felt myself transported to those happy regions which Pindar so beautifully describes.

I sometimes sat down a guest at the banquet of the Gods.....and sometimes rambled in the Elysian fields amidst the blessed Spirits of Immortality.

It may seem paradoxical.....but is nevertheless true.....that the charms of imagination excel all those which Nature has given to the senses.

Imagination is more brilliant than the lustre of meridian day.....It possesses more attraction than the incense-breathing morn.....the fragrant bloom of Spring.....or the full-ripened beauties of maturing Summer.....Its form is ever new.....its colours ever varied .....its changes rapid.....fascination succeeds to fascination.....and all is perfect.

In short.....imagination creates its own worlds.....its own objects.....and teaches them its own peculiar art of pleasing.

I passed eight days in the performance of those duties and consecrations enjoined me by Theogiton.....and by continued efforts to release my soul from all worldly propensities.....I worked myself up to a belief that I should witness something superior to any thing I had even surmised.

One night.....when the lateness of the hour approached to Morn.....and all was still and hushed around me..... I wandered to the grotto of the Nymphs ....and having repeated many emphatic strains and holy invocations....I threw myself down a bank of turf.....with my face upwards.....intent upon the moon, which at that time shone full upon the grotto.

I lay pondering on the probability of what might happen to me, if the resplendent Orb should quit her heavenly sphere to bless me as her Endymion.

I indulged this fancy till I was lost in its contemplation.....and insensibly slumbered into a sweet repose, from which I was awakened by melodious tones.....floating above me.....and which I found proceeded from the lyre of the God.

I was affected by this celestial harmony, which transported my feelings,.....and I felt captivated by sounds excelling all the perfection of human execution.....It was such as Apollo.....alone.....could breathe..... Apollo.....from whose instruments the spheres are harmonised.....the Gods delighted.....and all Olympus wrapt in wonder.

My whole soul was absorbed in the individual sense of hearing....it seemed to quit my body.....and soar above the clouds.

Suddenly.....the music ceased.

My mind had sufficient employment

for the remainder of the night....Sleep forsook my eyes completely.

I communicated this circumstance next day to Theogiton, who heard me with perfect composure.....but after making me repeat the particulars, he agreed that it might possibly be Apollo,.....or one of the Muses.

Shall I confess it.....without knowing why, I wished ardently that it might have been one of the divine Sisters, rather than the God.....I repaired every night to the same spot, hoping to hear the lovely Muse again, but was disappointed.....It proved to be Apollo himself.

In one of these regular visits..... while I was endeavoring to content myself with the inanimate company of the Cypress Nymphs.....a ray of superior brightness darted full into the grotto.....The natural gloom of the place.....thus irradiated.....foreboded

to my heated fancy.....the celestial anticipation of some extraordinary event.

Judge my astonishment!.....when the God of Day.....forsaking the entwining arms of his lovely Thetis..... appeared before me.....giving splendor to the gloom of night.

His golden ringlets flowed gracefully adown his shoulders.....a godlike circle of exceeding brightness shone around his forehead.....his sky-blue mantle glittered with ten thousand diamonds.....and his left arm supported his melodious lyre.

I shrank from the glorious vision.... I did not dare to tempt the lustre of those eyes.....whose brilliant beams illuminate the world;....but my imagination supplied each beauty of the God, which reverence prevented me from gazing upon attentively.

The divine Apollo approached me .....condescendingly applauded my

zeal, and devotion to celestial objects .....and my contempt for all that was terrestrial. He encouraged me to persevere, and to resign myself to the influence of the immortal powers..... and gave me hopes of being admitted to his cordial patronage.

He then disappeared.....and so invisibly.....I could not perceive it.

My mind was full of this phenomenon....and so strongly prepossessed....I should have believed equally in the divinity of the vision, even had it been less ably sustained.

When I told Theogiton of this theophany.....he wished me joy.....and compared me with heroes of old who had been so favored by the Deities..... till they attained the rank of Demigods, with the attendant distinction of their priests....altars....and sacrifices.

He recounted such particular anecdotes as he thought best calculated to

increase my folly....instructed me how to conduct myself if Apollo should appear a second time before me.....and particularly enforced the system of passive obedience.

In fact, he studied so artfully to close my eyes, that his very caution would have unmasked the deception to a less bigotted ideot than myself...nor should I ever have doubted this religious hypocrite, had not accident completely detected his specious fraud.

To be concise.....after a variety of disgraceful impositions, I found....to my infinite surprise....that Apollo was no other than Theogiton.

Instead of being confused at this discovery.....he instantly changed his tone.....assured me he had devised this apparent artifice purposely, to wean my infatuated mind from the indulgence of its darling propensity, which he thought he could not do so well as

by flattering its enthusiasm for a while, that the folly might be more evident when openly exposed.

He added.....that all the idle tales circulated about the Gods were merely so many inventions of artful men to hoodwink weak women, and credulous youth.....and continued to support his scandalously profligate apostacy till I could endure him no longer.

My retorts were keen.....spirited..... and severe.....and I left him..... determined that all connection should cease between us.

On the following day he pursued his usual functions with hypocritical devotion...nor did the stedfast rebuke of my reproving eyes shake his effrontery .....he, on the contrary accosted me with his wonted affability.....and affected a perfect unconsciousness of what had passed the night before.

I was quite astonished.....I knew

not how to believe there could be persons who.....in the excesses of vice .....could assume the garb of virtue with all the composure and serenity of aspect, which I supposed the unerring attributes of innocence.

But I was soon released from my doubts and disquietudes.....The impostor quitted the temple of Delphos one night, without leaving a trace behind him.....nor could any.....but myself.....account for his sudden disappearance.

These circumstances gave a new cast to my reflections.....Still my favorite passion preserved its empire .....but I confined my ideas to my own solitary bosom, and made the Gods alone the witness of my feelings.

I still labored to improve my sentiments on the model of the Orphean philosophy.....Every new idea that

unfolded itself in my mind, was acknowledged by my heart; and I thus passed a few happy years in an enviable calm, which I never reflect upon without a mixture of regret and pleasure.

I did not then know.....and was blessed in the ignorance.....that the unavoidable embarrassments attendant on the instability of human affairs, oppose a continued indulgence of serenity and peace.....the sole prerogatives of heavenly beings.

At length I approached manhood, and began to feel.....in spite of all the pleasing fancies I had formerly so fondly nursed.....that my heart was sensible of a painful void I could not supply by any new ideas.

As Nature now expanded all its beauties to the day, I began to view them with different eyes.....My heart was enchanted with the rich display

of scenery.....and I felt its force in a way unknown to me before.

The little songster.....warbling through the grove.....seemed to express an indefinable something I could not explain.....The trees, which began to increase their leafy umbrage, invited me to rest beneath their shady canopy, and indulge in the luxury of voluptuous melancholy, which all my sublime ideas were unequal to dissipate.

I insensibly lost myself in a soft..... passive.....kind of indolence..... Methought I had hitherto borrowed all my happiness from imagination..... and my soul panted for the real enjoyment of that perfection I had only ideally partaken.

I had been a guest at a visionary banquet.....I longed for more substantial aliment.....and for the first time found I wanted the endearing charms of friendship to ennoble my

feelings....My fancy fired.....it formed an ideal Pylades.....and my sympathetic heart added truth and honor..... for a virtuous soul should ever be the constant companion of an engaging form.

I sought a counterpart to my picture among the youths of the Temple, with whom I was in habits of good-fellowship.....I frequently.....for a while.....fancied I had found the treasure; but.....as our intimacy increased.....the charm always disappeared.....and I could not find one of my companions so gifted by nature, as to answer my refined expectations.

While I was thus fruitlessly employed.....it was my ill fortune to inspire the High Priestess with a passion as incompatible with her years as her sacred office.....I had, indeed, often been distinguished by marks of

her approbation.....but they only increased my veneration for her sacred character, and my gratitude for her maternal care.

I was mute with astonishment when this reverend lady.....forgetful of her vows.....decorum.....and her pride..... condescended to confess she was a woman.....and that her devotion to Apollo was not powerful enough to stifle the natural frailties of her sex.

The good Priestess was at those years of discretion when the moderate ebbing and flowing of the blood might be supposed proof against the imprudent allurements of love.....But she had still charms enough to gloss any lessons she might have been disposed to practise with a novice like myself.

Although Time had robbed her of her bloom.....yet she had so carefully preserved the remains of youthful at-

traction.....that she would have borne away the palm from every circle of autumnal beauties.

Her countenance was of that kind which poets would have chosen to represent a Ceres.....Full, penetrating, black eyes.....mellowed it is true..... but still occasionally sparkling with voluptuous fire.....a remarkable attention to her fine-formed person .....and the bewitching art of so disposing the formality of her sacred vestments, as to increase her charms by the well-regulated disposition.

I leave you to judge how little calculated my simplicity was to enter the lists with such a woman.....Yet it was no easy task.....for a female, whose every attribute inspired respect .....to throw aside the awful veil, and unreservedly to combat with the inexperienced prejudices of eighteen.

Her eyes were eloquent.....but to

me such language was unintelligible .....In vain her bosom heaved its fond alarms.....I was insensible to the delicious tumult.....She could not dismiss caution all at once, and speak her wishes.....My diffidence continued impenetrable.

At last, the artful priestess had recourse to stratagem.....My confusion, at her first experiment, sufficiently indicated that her charms still retained some unextinguished sparks which dazzled my unpractised heart.....and I will not say how far her power might have extended over my sentiments, had not an unforeseen event furnished my soul with unconquerable fortitude to resist her machinations.

Our virtue.....at least those actions which are called virtuous.....may usually be traced to some secret source, which.....if discovered.....would rob

us of our assumed merits.....Nothing can be more natural than the obedience of one passion to the superior claims of another.

The moment now approached for celebrating the festival of Diana..... It is always observed at Delphos with the splendor and solemnity due to the Sister of Apollo.

On these occasions.....the most beautiful maidens.....from fourteen upwards.....are chosen to assist at the ceremony, and chant hymns in honor of the Virgin Goddess.

Nothing can equal the magnificence of this spectacle.....An immense number of these lovely girls.....vieing with each other in delicacy of symmetry.....the bloom of contented innocence mantling on their damask cheeks;.....and all the tempered softness of expression, stealing from their beauteous eyes.....forming

an assemblage of loveliness, at which the faded glance of age would be inspired with renovated fire..... appear in robes fair as their own spotless bosoms.....wreaths of variegated flowers twine round their polished temples.....and flowing ringlets luxuriantly adorn their graceful shoulders.

The delighted eye wanders in the gay parterre.....The modest lily,..... the sweetly-blushing rose.....the fragrant hyacinth,....expand their various charms.....and raise an equal transport.

How infinitely superior was the captivation of this enchanting groupe!..... The soul,...mounting to the optics..... glided among these fair bewitching mortals, whose rival excellence seemed to mock all preeminence...till suddenly .....like the electric flash of lightning .....an Angel's form appeared among the virgin train.

In shape....in air,....in features....she

resembled her companions.....and, had a painter been desired to chuse his model....he would certainty have found more regular beauties in the circle, and have overlooked my divinity.

But I was not guided by the cold..... unfeeling,....rules of studied art....I felt in every vein of my heart a certainty of her being the most amiable of Beings .....and without having made the comparison.....I could feel she eclipsed all her companions.

" 'Tis thus....." I whispered to myself....." the vision of the goddess of " Innocence would appear, giving dig- " nity and grace to mortal beauty..... " such would be the sweet expression " of her features...such the mild lustre " of her eyes.....such the fascinating " smile dimpling on her cheek.....such " her own peculiar attributes."

I was too much agitated to be particularly observant.....I began to think

a new world opened before me.....my sensations were uncommon,.....bewildered.....The pomp of the festival continued.....but I had no senses left to enjoy its splendor.....The procession closed...and I was restored by a shock, resembling a sudden clap of thunder.

I thought.....and could scarce remove the impression.....that I was wafted to the heavenly regions, where my imagination had often pictured such a celestial form....When it vanished I became sensible of the loss,....and then my heart soothed me with a certainty of its reality.

All night I tossed to and fro' upon my couch.....I blessed the absence of sleep.....Pondered on the new divinity which engrossed my whole soul..... collected every individual feature, till the finished portrait appeared before my enraptured view.

With such vivacity did fancy

delineate her beauties.....that every charm seemed heightened by the glowing colors it employed.....My heart assisted to embellish it.....and the sketch was appropriately ornamented with all the accomplishments which grace the person.....all the excellencies which enrich the mind .....and every moral virtue which dignifies human nature.

The drawing was began by Fancy... Cupid came smiling to its assistance .....gave finishing touches to the whole,.....and personified perfection.

Love is a restless.....unreasonable.... tormentor.....I was not satisfied with what I had done.....I wished to coin some thought by which I could improve the idea I had formed of my incognita.....I wished,.....in short..... to change the resemblance to the dear original.

The moment which enslaved me....

was equally fatal to the object of my passion.....The first glance was mutual and decisive;.....and this sweet confession she afterwards made me, while the tremor of her heart flushed her beauteous cheek.....heightening the rosy bloom of youth.

I did not possess any of that vanity which leads us to a consciousness of our own merits.....I was ignorant of the art of pleasing.....Nature was my only guide.....it pointed out to me the beauties of her mind.....beaming on her expressive countenance.....and I then discovered a sweet.....placid.... serenity....which animated the habitual reserve her situation had given to her features.

I began to hope she might love me .....Paradise opened to my view as I indulged the possibility....and I almost sank to the ground with excess of rapture, while I meditated on the en-

chanting bliss of passing every moment of my future life, by her side.... .....studying all her wishes ere her balmy lips could breathe them.

Meanwhile I did not even know her name....or who she was.....I became unhappy at my ignorance..... nor did I know how to relieve it..... I had no dear confidant to whom I I could reveal my secret.....I feared to ask the question casually.....I was conscious that my tell-tale eyes would betray the emotion of my anxious heart.

Love put me on my guard....I determined to observe the utmost precaution.....Shuddering at what might be the fatal consequence, if the jealousy of the Priestess was once alarmed..... and left to my Guardian Genius the care of providing me with an opportunity to inspire my beloved unknown with sympathetic tenderness.

The moment soon presented itself. .....A few days afterwards, I accidentally met the fair mistress of my fate in one of the avenues belonging to the Temple.....My timidity overcame all my wishes.....I feared to speak..... hesitated.....trembled.....Not a single exclamation could I command to speak my transport.

The moment she saw me.....she stopped.....Her first effort was to cast her mild blue eyes upon the ground... but, encouraged by her tender wishes .....still more powerful than her maiden fears.....she raised the beauteous orbs.....swimming in the softest languor.....and fixt them stedfastly on me. I could perceive the agitation of her bosom tremulously ruffling the unconscious muslin which concealed its beauty, but could not veil its feelings... and a deep glow alternately suffused. . and shunned.....her burning cheek.

Once more looking downwards.... with a gentle sigh.....that eloquently bespoke her emotion.....she hastily retired.

I feared to follow.....indeed I know not if I had the power to have done it .....my feet seemed fastened to the spot on which I stood.....but my eyes....oh, they pursued her till the closing door .....leading to the apartments of the priestess.....hid her from my view.

I flew to the grove.....threw myself along the grass.....and deliciously indulged myself in translating the scene I had just witnessed.

Her dress.....and the circumstance of her retiring to the closet of the Priestess.....seemed to assure me she was one of the virgin choir who attend the Temple.....Their number was considerable.....and their lives so recluse.....they were seldom visible except at Grand Festivals.

While I was thus agreeably ruminating.....my reverie was disturbed by a message from the amorous Priestess.....and Cupid certainly could not have chosen a less auspicious moment for such an embassy.

I obeyed with an aching heart..... for my apprehensions were fearfully awakened by a dread of meeting my incognita.....and the mischief which our mutual embarrassment would consequently produce.

A stranger to dissimulation.....I could not tutor my eyes to affect indifference, while every emotion of my heart shot from their expressive glance, and told the tale of love.

My confusion was excessive as I entered the apartment.....but I was soon relieved by finding the Priestess attended only by a little slave about ten years of age.

She was either too deeply engaged

in the part she was about to act....or too confident in the successful operation of her charms,....which she had set off to the most fascinating advantage ....to notice my countenance.

Nothing could be more artfully....or more temptingly.....arranged.....than her whole appearance.

She half reclined upon a sopha magnificently embroidered.....and richly spangled with pearls and variegated precious stones.....There was an easy negligence in her dress, calculated to describe a contempt for studied elegance.....while it was.....in reality.... the very refinement of art.

Her robe was of a make and color correspondent with the dignity of her character.....and its full and graceful drapery gave majesty to her person.... Yet it purposely disclosed enough to catch the eye, and fire the imagination .....Her arms were still beautifully

round.....and the delicacy of their complexion was most advantageously displayed by means of a diamond loop, which fastened the wide sleeve of her tunic upon her shoulder.

I know not how the connection was preserved;.....but as she emphatically waved her hand to give energy to expression.....accident partly exposed a bosom, the charms of which would have removed every prudent scruple in any other heart than mine.

She appeared confused at this *preconcerted* discomposure.....looked at me.....and blushed.....She sought to remove the temptation, but without changing her posture.....This exertion somehow uncovered her right leg.....it was a most seducing apology for any wanderings of the heart.

The perfect indifference with which I observed these attractions, assisted

my observation.....I felt my cheeks burn.....the glow was more lasting than that which had flushed the Priestess.....it produced an evident confusion.....and this the lady interpreted in her own favor.

My embarrassment she supposed timidity....a respectful sort of struggle between awe and desire.....which..... while it convinced her of the impression I had imbibed.....argued a want of further encouragement to embolden my panting wishes.

She recollected I had the reputation of reading the poets with expressive truth....She therefore took up a Homer .....assuring me he was her favorite author, and pressing me to oblige her with a specimen of my talents..... Then carelessly turning the leaves, as if indifferent to which passage she led.....she gave me the book, opened at that part, where Juno....vested with

the girdle of Venus.....describes so voluptuously to Jupiter the remembrance of their first embraces.

Charmed with the poetic fire of the divine poet.....she found a pretence.... in her admiration.....for turning the conversation on the almighty powers of love.....She descanted most feelingly on the subject,.....and called those savages, whose stubborn hearts were proof against the all-bewitching deity.

I agreed as to the resistless influence of the God.....but condemned the poets for the too sensual imagery they introduced in their fables.

I expatiated on the beauties of Platonic love.....the love which teems with intellectual raptures.....expands the spiritual qualities of the soul..... and fills the mind with every sublime and virtuous contemplation.

The Priestess was mute during my

rhapsody.....It was certainly very unnatural that I should launch out in praise of intellectual love, while so lovely a bosom tacitly upbraided my cold.....unfeeling.....reasoning.

She saw my enthusiasm was at its height, and despaired of bringing me .....for the evening at-least.....to a *rational* way of thinking.

I was dismissed.....but not before she had assured me.....though in ambiguous terms.....that she had her private motives for distinguishing me more than the other servants of Apollo .....hinted that she was well acquainted with my father.....whom I did not know;.....and might.....probably..... soon trust me with the secret.....that she was.....in fact.....my relation, and the regards, which might appear to me extraordinary, sprang from our family connection.

This artifice succeeded fully....I now

ascribed her affection to nobler motives.....and she obtained an absolute interest in my heart.

I cannot determine whether the Priestess was ignorant how great an ascendancy might be gained over some minds, when we have once discovered the secret of interesting their natural affections.....or whether.....displeased at the cold inaptitude of my heart..... she had determined to revenge the insult offered to her charms.

I fell at her feet.....supplicating her to bless me with a knowledge of my birth.....She was deaf to all my intreaties.....ordered me to leave her..... and cruelly persisted.....for a long time.....in denying me a second interview.

The anxiety I should have experienced in being thus left on the rack of suspense, was moderated by the superior claim my soul acknowledged

to all its dearest interests.....Psyche .....so I afterwards understood my incognita was called.....engrossed every faculty.....and the glance of her eye, at parting.....beaming mingled innocency and love.....had penetrated the recesses of my heart.

I had a very imperfect idea of what I had seen;.....but, when I meditated on her angel form standing before me in the avenue.....methought I could again feel the insinuating glance, which,.....like a gleam of heavenly light.....irradiated my being.....And so forcible was the impression..... I looked till I thought I saw her actually before me, and my soul dissolved with ecstacies, whose melting softness no language can describe.

These pleasures were, however, too unsubstantial to continue their imposition on the senses.....a tender melancholy succeeded.....not unmixed

with delight.....and I had the utmost difficulty to appear gay, when necessity led me among my companions.

While all the inhabitants of the Temple were hushed in peaceful sleep .....I wandered about like a spirit through the grove.....amid the solemnities of night.....courting awful solitude to indulge my feelings.

In one of these midnight rambles I chanced to stray to an unknown part of the grove, which had the appearance of a wilderness.....its wild aspect charmed me.....Entering it..... I discovered a plantation of lofty Cypress trees, which overtopped a winding labyrinth interspersed with bowers of evergreens.

This maze led to an open space which was enclosed on one side by clusters of wild laurel....which, like an amphitheatre.....rose gradually above each other;.....and the opposite

side was bounded by a shrubbery of mingled myrtles and roses.

The center was filled with statues fancifully disposed.....They were of white marble.....and represented Nymphs sleeping over the urns their arms embraced.....Wild flowers.....in contending groupe.....held up their lovely heads....blooming on the amorous stalks which twined around their polished limbs,...and their lively colors .....proudly blossoming amidst the delicacy of the Parian marble.....increased in beauty.

A stream of the clearest water issued from each urn, and fell..... sparkling.....into an immense bason of black marble, in which the Virgins of the Delphic Temple usually bathed in summer.

Tradition had served to consecrate this spot.....it was sacred to the chaste Diana.....and its hallowed privacy

was held inaccessible to our sex, who superstitiously dreaded to intrude on its retirement.

The moment I found myself in the sanctuary.....I remembered that I trod on forbidden ground.....Yet I wandered thither by chance.....I was a poor harmless enthusiast, who had no design to intrude on the repose of the Goddess.....I hoped the innocency of my intention would shield me from her resentment.

While I stood pondering.....no portentous omen dismayed me..... The stars shone with uncommon brilliancy in the heavens.....a mild invigorating air played through the shrubbery.....and I advanced.

I had not taken many steps before my alarm returned.....I thought I saw the Goddess.....retired from the fa-

tigues of the chase.....reposing among her Nymphs.

A religious horror thrilled my every vein.....I wished to retreat.....but my stedfast eyes refused to quit the object of my apprehension.....I continued to gaze, till I thought the stars shed an unusual lustre on the scene.... and I beheld.....with indefinable joy .....my adored Psyche.

Thus did the propitious Goddess bless my temerity with a vision more grateful to my heart, than if she had descended in person to hail me her Endymion.

My transport was unbounded.....I had no longer any inclination to retire.....My only thoughts were, how I should present myself without terrifying my lovely Psyche.....who,... .. at such an hour.....and in such a place .....could not dream of intrusion..... particularly from a man.

She leaned against one of the statues .....her posture was that of profound meditation.

I gazed fondly on her charms...and, as she continued immovable.....I had an opportunity of so placing myself that she could not fail to see me, the moment she raised her eyes from their pensive study.

This little stratagem repaid my fondest wishes.....she looked up....saw me .....started!

She immediately recognised me..... and confusion.....rather than displeasure.....was the expression of her animated countenance.

An indifferent beholder.....even a Faun or Satyr.....would have been inspired with some elegant compliment to salute this blooming goddess.....It was a moment that could not elude the vigilance of gallantry.....but I.....who was impressed with my own peculiar

devotion for this fair object.....had not power to utter a single syllable.

I longed to prostrate myself at her feet.....Still that timidity which is inseparable from true love.....restrained the transport.....I feared to offend.....I feared the freedom might give her ideas injurious to the respect I felt for her person.

My agitated frame trembled before her...she perceived my embarrassment, and, with that native...modest...dignity which at first attracted my attention and gave her a decided preeminence over her lovely companions.....advanced three steps.....and then addressed me in a voice of melodious sweetness.

" What chance can have brought " thee hither Agathon?"

The words entered at my ear.....but the soft affecting pathos of the tones insinuated to my very soul, where.....

even at this distant period .....they deliciously reverberate.

I was too confused to reply....At last I ventured to assure her,.....that my presence was altogether accidental..... and that I should never have presumed on the visit, had I known she had been there.

This certainty was not the sort of compliment a young beauty might have expected.....or the reply a gallant Athenian would have chosen for the occasion....but it was dictated by simplicity .....and Psyche was too artless to be mortified.

" I see my own imprudence"...said she....." though too late....What must " you think, at finding me thus alone " .....in this solitary spot.....and at this " still more solitary hour ?.....But"..... and she blushed....." since fate has " willed that I should find a witness " to my folly.....he has been kind in

" selecting Agathon for the purpose." ....I hastened to reply.....assuring her, I thought nothing could be more natural than her taste for solitude so beautifully decorated....that the peaceful calm of the night inspired heavenly sensations...and I warmly descanted upon the magnificent splendor of the starry firmament.....embellishing the scenery before us.

I fancy most young ladies would have thought this *famous* sentimental speech very unappropriate.....The silence of the myrtle grove.....the serenity of a clear summer's evening... the claims of youth and beauty, mutually opposed to each other,...might have engendered a more spirited subject for our entertainment.....But Psyche was the soul of sensibility..... these objects harmonized with her feelings, and produced the most delicately-pleasing reflections.

Our conversation lasted some time, ...and I observed.....with the most pure delight.....a similarity of taste and sentiment, which almost imperceptibly gave a cordial familiarity to our meeting.

We appeared to have loved each other for many happy years..... I fancied.....Oh, delicious remembrance!.....that, by a kind of intuitive knowledge, I could anticipate all she was about to say.....Yet I was simply the echo of the divine Psyche; .....for, while I enthusiastically uttered all my high-wrought feelings..... I could perceive they were a mere confirmation of her opinions.....or rather an embryo long concealed within my bosom, which wanted the warm.....cheering.....influence of a more cultivated spirit to unfold its simplicity,.....and transplant it in a more genial climate.

Time flew on rapid wings, while we were.....thus.....mutually happy.... and approaching dawn summoned us to retire.

This tete-a-tete furnished me with abundant subject for my moralising hours.....Among other things....I was particularly struck with the extraordinary singularity of our fate, in depriving us both of the knowledge of our parents.

All Psyche could tell of her birth was.....that she had been nursed by an old woman at Corinth, under whose care she remained till six years old.....that she was then carried off by a banditti, who sold her to the Priestess of Delphos.....that she was furnished with masters to give her every accomplishment.....and was afterwards appointed favorite reader to the Priestess.

I was much pained at this last cir-

cumstance;.....it seemed a deadly blow to all my hopes....Still my love for the sweet Psyche banished all distant evils .....I was heedless of consequences..... and madly nourished my passion with all the confidence of thoughtless youth.

To adore Psyche.....to see her..... to hear her.....to gaze on her rosy lips, while with innocent simplicity their virgin beauties breathed the very soul of love.....to look on her mild blue eyes, when maiden diffidence half dropped the long-fringed curtain of her silken lashes, over the languishing confession of their silent eloquence.....to almost feel the glow upon her cheek, warm from her conscious heart, and excelling the rich blushes of the damask rose.....In a word.....to find perfection mine..... was the only happiness to which I aspired.....or of which I could form the least conception.

My expressions were warm.....passionate.....tender.....but so unlike the usual language of love, that I feared I expressed nothing.

An ordinary lover is agitated by his own wild desires.....My perturbation sprang from the superior merits of my mistress;.....and with her.....perhaps.....my timidity pleaded with success.

When we were compelled to part, I ventured.....trembling all over.....to take her lily hand....The tremor proved contagious.....I could scarcely hold the soft,...palpitating...treasure, within my grasp.....We gazed at each other fondly.....At length, being a little reassured.....I said.....

" Psyche....Will you bless my ten-
" der wishes, by granting me an in-
" terview to-morrow night?"

I spoke with difficulty.....and con-

cluded by bursting into a flood of tears.

I felt something like a slight returning pressure of her hand.....the emotion flew to my heart.....My whole frame tottered.....I could scarce support myself.

" Good night.....Agathon !".....she answered with a sigh....." At the same " hour to-morrow night you will find " Psyche here."

She looked at me.....the glance was momentary.....her eyes instantly fell to the ground.....and she left me.

These interviews were repeated every night.....as we had no other opportunity of seeing each other.....and our mutual passion.....which we called friendship.....increased every hour.

Psyche.....like myself.....had in vain sought a confidante...We now thought we had each obtained the friend we so long wished for.....and our reci-

procal confidence was unbounded..... I did not consider Psyche as a beautiful girl, whose charms could allay the thirsting fever of my soul;.....but as an intellectual being, whose celestial attributes were superior to every selfish gratification.

To her.....I was an Orpheus.....She eagerly attended to my instructions in philosophy.....and fancied.....while I spoke.....she listened to divinity.

Yet love.....such is its peculiar nature, however we may refine it..... still looks forwards to the end for which it has been designed.

We retarded its progress.

Friendship, however, soon became too cool a sentiment to express our ardor.....We fancied that brotherly and sisterly love would extend our indulgence.....and preserve our purity.

The idea transported us!.....We regretted that heaven had not formed us

in the same mould.....but determined to supply the defect by our own free choice.

In this new character we were the delight of each other.....We indulged in all those innocent endearments the nature of our connection warranted, without infringing the laws of virtue, which we had sworn to preserve inviolate.

This commerce of the hearts we enthusiastically pursued, till we began to imagine we obeyed the voice of instinct in following the illusion.....We even began to see a resemblance of feature in each other.....In short....we had wound up our thoughts to such a pitch, that Dame Nature was then beginning.....rather imperiously.....to assert her dues;....and nothing is more certain, than, that we should have loved like other people, had not the Priestess interrupted our progress, just as we were verging towards the experiment.

Many weeks had passed without her bestowing the least notice on me;..... and you will readily believe I did not throw away a single thought on her, while I was so much more pleasingly engaged.....I was, at last, disagreeably surprized with an order to attend her.

I obeyed.....and soon found that the Paphian Queen had not suffered her to be so much at ease during this absence, as might have been wished for both our sakes.

Most probably she had....like Phœdra in Euripides.....summoned all the pride of the woman.....and the dignity of the Priestess.....to repel the invading passion which harassed her repose..... but finding Fate more obstinate than Reason.....she had recourse.....like that unhappy Princess.....to delusive arguments to pacify conscience, and inspire the heroic determination of yielding to destiny.

She resolved to see me;....and satisfied that no indirect overtures would awaken my raptures.....she bade adieu to reserve...and, in so many plain words, told me she loved, and expected to have her passion returned.

This confession was accompanied by the most alluring gestures.....her voluptuous attitude removed all difficulty.....and invited the most exalted joys.

I cannot.....even now.....avoid blushing at the recollection of this shameful moment.....Love was profaned.....human nature degraded!

It was not possible for the Priestess to be more mortified at this scene than I was.....I endeavoured to spare her confusion, and soften the harsh negative I gave her unbridled wishes;..... but the mildness of my accents were little calculated to appease her chagrin .....her anger raged like a merciless

tempest.....Her tears were occasionally interrupted by the most pathetic exclamations.....I was so weak as to be affected by her undissembled sorrows, and weep over her distress; till, finding every effort useless.....I did, what I ought to have done at first.....I fled.

At night...as usual...I met my beloved Psyche, to whom I imparted all that happened.....she feelingly joined her regrets to mine.....and we pitied that boisterous passion which had so little resemblance with the peaceful serenity of ours.

We now began to apprehend that this fury would..... sooner or later,..... burst out again.....and fall on both our devoted heads.

To evade discovery we consented... though painfully.....to interrupt the pure delights we partook in each other, by discontinuing our nightly visits for a time.

This was the first bitter drop we had ever tasted in the delicious cup which Cupid held to our lips.....and from which we had been accustomed to sip ineffable delight.

We took leave with aching hearts .....something foreboding hung about us.....we were both infected by the fatal presage.....we embraced.....parted .....returned again....renewed the fond farewell.....and had scarcely power to retire, when the majestic sun arose, and beckoned us away.

I continued my visits to the grove..... and...in the solitary contemplation of my former happiness.....found relief for my oppressed heart.

One night I threw myself at the feet of the statue where I had first seen my beloved Psyche reclining..... and.....overcome by a sudden stupor..... I lay a considerable time insensible, and motionless.

When I came to myself again I discovered a wreath of new-blown flowers .....pendant from the arm of the Nymph.....and hanging over me.....I sprang up.....impatient to unravel the mystery.....and perceived a billet enclosed among the flowers.

" I can no longer resist, my beloved " Agathon.....I must see you to-mor- " row night, and at this very spot..... " so dear to memory.....Be at ease " about the Priestess.....she is ignorant " of our attachment.....I do not ask " you if the hours will appear tedious, " because my own heart tells me, every " moment is an eternity which sepa- " rates you from

" Your faithful PSYCHE."

Grief instantly changed to rapture .....I was wild at this unlooked-for joy .....I wound the garland round me in fantastic forms.....kissed it.....hugged it.....Nay fondled it, till methought I

could distinguish the breath of Psyche .....more prevalent than the fragrance of the odoriferous plants.....exhaling from the kiss she had left imprinted for me.

I was at the grove the following night an hour before my appointment .....my bosom throbbed with impatience.....At length I saw the beautiful shade of my beloved, advancing between the myrtle hedges.

The night was rather sombre.....but a star now and then shot its rays from the heavens.....and enabled me to distinguish the well-known habit of my Psyche.

I flew to shorten our distance.....and the next moment locked us in each other's arms.

The bliss which fluttered my agitated heart prevented me.....for some minutes,....from looking at my Psyche .....but my attention was soon roused

by the voluptuous pressure of the object in my arms.....I found an almost naked bosom beat violently against my breast.

This could not be Psyche....How unlike such amorous emotion was the timid tenderness of my virtuous maid! .....I no longer hesitated.....I attempted to spring from her embrace... but found myself so firmly clasped, the effort was ineffectual.....Horror seized me...and, giving vigor to my wishes... I resolutely struggled with the infuriate Priestess.

She preserved her grasp.....and we both fell prostrate on the ground.

I must pass over this disgusting scene, by merely telling you, that the Priestess, finding tears.....entreaty..... abject submission.....all,.....ineffectual ....arose, with the fury of a Demon in her eyes, denouncing vengeance against her innocent rival.

I replied calmly.....that her degeneracy had placed her own life....and, what should be still dearer....her fame, within my keeping.....I defied her .....at her peril.....to touch a hair of Psyche's head.

When left alone.....I immediately solved the riddle of the garland..... No language can describe my cruel anxiety for the object of all my love, thus exposed to the hellish vengeance of the Priestess.....In a few days, however, my uncertainty was relieved by one of the Virgins, who informed me Psyche was removed from Delphos.

I could learn no more.....but it determined me instantly to quit the Temple.

On the following night I left Delphos.....regardless of consequences..... and followed whither instinct led me; assured, that the load-stone of sym-

pathy would attract me to the spot where my beloved was concealed..... Yet I was disappointed;.....not the least trace of her was discoverable.

At last,....after experiencing various hardships in my wild pursuit....destiny directed me to Corinth.

The sun was just setting.....Its closing radiance reminded me of those *once* bright, and, *now* departed, moments of virtuous delight....which *had* beamed on the existence of the happy Agathon.

Fatigued with travelling.....and oppressed with hunger.....I threw myself beneath the shade of a lofty Cypress, which stood in the court of a magnificent Villa, on the sea shore.

My reflections were piercing.....I cast my eyes around.....all Nature seemed to have deserted me;.....and yet I felt a conscious pride, that no disgraceful action of my life had.....

deservedly.....exposed me to this oppressive calamity.

I addressed those divine Beings with whom my soul had long maintained communion.....and the idea that they had witnessed the innocency of my actions, calmed my perturbed spirits.....I saw my Psyche.....lovely and innocent as a heavenly Seraph .....safe between their polished wings.

" No,....I exclaimed,...Vice cannot " always triumph.....nor can virtue " always suffer.....On this stu- " pendous globe.....where spheres and atoms move....equally obedient.... at the divine nod, it is impious to yield to a disgraceful despondency..... " I am not made in vain !.....Have I " not a soul to think.....and limbs to " act ?.....I am a Greek.....What, if " my country will not acknowledge " me ?.....I am still a Man.....I will " exert myself to fulfil the duties " my existence imposes on me."

These reflections restored me to myself.

I now began to reflect, how I could best employ my talents, when I saw a middle-aged man advancing towards me.....I was instantly prepossessed with his air and mien.....I resolved to explain my situation, and crave his advice.

I arose for the purpose.....but he anticipated my intention.

" Young stranger,".....said he, in accents of the most soothing kindness, " .....you appear fatigued.....Suffer " me to intreat that you will ex- " change the shelter of that tree, for " the best accommodations of my " house."

I thanked him cordially for his friendly offer of hospitality.....and confessed.....with a frankness which discovered how little I knew the world.....that I was a forlorn being,

about to have asked his protection at the very moment he so generously offered it.

He told me he was delighted with the accident that conducted me to him, and begged I would follow him to the house.

He appeared as much taken with me as I was with him.....but his prepossession was inexplicable.....I had been obliged to change my habit at Delphos for a very mean dress, and even that was considerably damaged by my travels.....so that my appearance augured unfavorably.

The saloon we entered was spacious, and richly ornamented...I spoke extravagantly in praise of the busts and paintings,....the latter by the most celebrated masters.....and the former from the rival chissels of Phidias and Aleamenes.

My host was astonished at the judg-

ment which I displayed in enumerating their several beauties.....he could not conceive how a youth, whom he had found so meanly clad, beneath a tree in his court yard, should discover the style and judgment of a connoisseur.

Supper was announced.....we were conducted to an apartment finely painted in water colours, by the most eminent pupils of the Parrhasian school.

We supped alone, and every thing that presented itself bespoke the wealth and magnificence of my kind entertainer.

My host continued to view me with uncommon attention,.....and perceiving that I noticed the singularity of his regards....told me.....that my air and features reminded him of a person he had formerly known.

" Of this,".....said he...." you shall

" judge for yourself".....and as soon as the desert was removed he arose, asking me to follow him.

We passed a gallery...supported by a louble colonnade of Egyptian marble, ınd superbly illuminated by gilt sconces .....At the extreme end was a small :loset, containing....simply.....a wri- ing table.....a book-case.....a few :hairs.....and a full-length Portrait, which at first escaped my notice.

He requested me to be seated..... nd....considering the Painting with motion.....addressed me.....

" Your youth.....amiable stranger ' .....the singularity of our acquaint- ' ance.....your accomplishments..... ' and, more than all, the irresistible ' affection my heart owns towards " you.....will I hope justify my anx- " iety to know your Name and His- " tory.

" Consider me as a friend, to whom

" you may unbosom yourself.....and
" who,.....notwithstanding our short
" knowledge of each other.....is
" prompted by nobler motives than
" curiosity, for intreating this con-
" fidence."

I was very much affected by the manner in which my noble-minded host delivered this friendly speech.... and immediately informed him of every circumstance that had befallen me, to the moment of our meeting.....reserving alone the secret of my love for Psyche, which all my natural ingenuousness could not prevail on me to disclose.

Stratonicus.....my host.....listened eagerly to my tale.....and, when I had concluded, he sprang from his seat..... and folding me to his heart, exclaimed,

" My dearest Agathon, embrace
" thy father!.....Behold,"....added he, turning me gently round!....." the

" resemblance of thy Mother!.....
" The similarity of your features
" to that beloved face, struck me the
" first moment I saw you.....I was
" pleased with the emotion....which I
" now find to have been the voice of
" Nature."

Nor language.....nor metaphor,..... nor fancy....can find words....imagery .....or coloring.....to represent such a moment.

Our happiness was mutual and perfect....When our transports had a little subsided.....

" Listen, my beloved son, said my
" father, while I impart to you my
" reasons for having apparently neg-
" lected so amiable a child.

" I became accidentally acquainted
" with your Mother, before I was
" master of my own will or actions....
" Your Grandfather was chief of one
" of the most illustrious houses in

" Athens....your Mother, when I first
" saw her, was in the full bloom of
" youth.....beauty.....and virtue....and
" lived under the guardianship of an
" elderly female, who passed for her
" parent.

" The recluse life they led.....the
" poverty which surrounded them....
" and the difficulty they found to
" supply the necessaries of life by
" hard labor.....shielded the young
" Musarion from the treacherous ar-
" tifices of young men of fashion.....
" who too frequently consider de-
" fenceless beauty, the lawful prey
" of unfeeling affluence.

" A circumstance,.....however,.....
" which I shall pass in silence.....
" introduced me to her hovel.

" My good moral character dis-
" tinguished me from the generality
" of Athenian youths.....but my
" sensibility was not proof against the

" charms of the sweet Musarion....I
" loved.....and my passion was
" pure....virtuous.....unpresuming.
" My rank.....and the delicacy of
" my behavior to the innocent object
" of my affections.....justified these
" private visits, which...by degrees....
" her mother suffered me to repeat.
" To see the object of our love
" pining in want, harrows every ge-
" nerous sentiment of the soul.....
" and yet the unfeeling world casts
" so decided an odium on this species
" of benevolence.....that the deli-
" cate mind shudders to present the
" relief it is agonized to withhold.
" The censorious will not be per-
" suaded, that a present can be offered
" by a young man to a young wo-
" man, without unbecoming motives.
" ....Superior beauty ever attracts the
" envy of Malevolence.
" To obviate these difficulties, I

" clandestinely sent them presents....
" and so well were my good offices
" managed,.....the parties did not
" know their benefactor.

" Time, however,.....in defiance of
" precaution,....disclosed the secret....
" These new proofs.....of what their
" gratitude termed the nobility of my
" sentiments.....completed the im-
" pression my attentions had long
" before made on the simple.....con-
" fiding....heart of this artless beauty.

" I soon read a tender confession
" in the eyes of my adored Musarion
" .....her trembling lips yielded to
" my fond importunity,.....and con-
" firmed my happiness.

" There were, however, obstacles
" to our union, which nought but
" love could attempt to surmount.

" At last it was my good fortune
" to discover Musarion to be an un-
" doubted denizen of Athens,,....born

" of poor, but honest parents.....Her
" father lost his life.....honorably.....
" in the Peleponnesian war.

" I flew to my father.....revealed
" my passion.....and conjured him,
" as he valued my future peace.....to
" bless our union.....But the old man
" was not in love;.....he saw my
" lovely Musarion with different eyes
" from mine;.....and, though he ad-
" mitted her virtues.....would by no
" means admit that they counterba-
" lanced her want of fortune.

" He was inexorable!

" To relinquish my soul's treasure
" .....to barter the chaste joys of in-
" nocent.....unsuspecting.....love, for
" worldly gain.....was a system
" which even obedience to my father
" could not force me to adopt.....As
" new difficulties sprang up....our af-
" fection seemed to renovate.....The
" passion which had been calm du-

" ring the three years it nestled in
" the bosom of hope.....now sud-
" denly found strength, and burst
" into action.

" The heart.....deluded by the
" sweet fascination of all-conquer-
" ing love.....loses every power to
" resist.....We swore eternal con-
" stancy.....sealed the vow with a
" passionate embrace.....and.....were
" completely happy.

" This tender intercourse, so far
" from diminishing our mutual trans-
" ports, added fuel to the bright flame
" which sparkled in our bosoms.....
" and you, my dear Agathon, soon
" increased our felicity.

" While we thus lived in each
" other's smiles....and borrowed new
" existence from increasing love.....
" a small estate.....at some little dis-
" tance from Athens.....most oppor-
" tunely fell to me by the death of

" an uncle.....and to this charming
" retreat I led your adored mother.
" This spot had given me birth.....
" and was thereby endeared to my
" sweet Musarion.....For three years
" our bliss was enviable.....when it
" pleased heaven to give you a sister,
" and rob me of her amiable mother
" at the same moment.
" I was now indifferent to life;.....
" but the reflection of what I owed
" to the dear pledges of our past en-
" dearments, recalled me from the
" grave, to which I was hastening....
" and appealed to me in behalf of an
" unprotected offspring, whom I dare
" not openly acknowledge.
" I sent you to the Temple at
" Delphos.....which I considered a
" safe asylum.....where you might
" have the advantage of a liberal
" education.
" I confided you to a particular

" friend, whom I enjoined to keep
" you in absolute ignorance of your
" birth.....intending, when my father
" died, to avow my marriage with
" your mother, and publicly declare
" you to be my Son and Heir.

" Your grandfather is lately dead;
" .....but I was obliged by very
" urgent business to defer the execu-
" tion of my designs."

When my father had concluded his narrative, he again embraced me;..... an old servant was called.....whose face was familiar to me.....he immediately recognised me.....having been employed by my father, frequently, to visit me at Delphos, and report my improvements.

A general joy took place in the family....The servants crowded round me, to celebrate the arrival of their young master.

This was a sudden change.....and

sufficiently dazzling to have turned the head of any youth, who had not been .....by education.....so fitted for the transition.

I now saw myself raised.....in an instant....from a poor fugitive.....half-naked.....exposed to every want..... I felt a secret pride in contemplating the Rank and Virtues of my Ancestors, which placed me in a situation to aspire to the most important offices of the State.

I began to consider how I might adapt my sublime system of Philosophy to my present prospects. I traced out the path which had been trodden by a Solon.....and an Aristides .....romantically supposing I should meet no difficulties which virtue would not be able to surmount.

My plans were.....as chimerical..... and extravagant.....as any that had ever been projected by an Alcibiades

.....but mine had the advantage of flowing from a soul full of universal benevolence.....and might be pursued without drawing a sigh from affliction .....or forcing a tear from penury.

My father, to whom I communicated my speculative ideas, was delighted with my enthusiasm.....he saw himself reflected in my glowing imagination... and applauded those virtuous sentiments which we both viewed with too much partiality...Still he foresaw dangers, and explained them to me.....but they had no more effect on my heated fancy, than the cool lessons of a stoic on a man in love.....My heart panted with ardour to sail for Athens.....and enter upon some important achievement.

My father made every hasty preparation.....and we departed for Athens, which I entered with a proudly-beating heart....The first step my father

took, was to acknowledge me publicly as his Son.....and, in obedience to the laws of the State.....to enrol me as a citizen.

It was my fate to please at my first onset.....and prejudice.....either for or against...generally determines a man's success, without the assistance of merit .....I was the fashion with both young and old.....they crowded round me whenever I appeared.....flattered my self-love.....and strengthened all my visionary pursuits.

The simplicity of my manners..... the zeal with which I devoted myself to the service of my country.....and the unassuming modesty with which I bore away the prizes from all competitors....gained me the popularity of the lower class of people.....and the esteem of their superiors.

My views were much assisted by my father's established virtues.....and

the antiquity of our family.....so that my perseverance was rewarded at an age when most youths study nothing but their pleasures.

Eloquence at Athens was the short cut to preferment.

I was unremitted in my practice..... and, when I reflected how far Pericles and Alcibiades had prevailed on the credulity of the Athenians.....I did not despair of success.

I was constant in my attendance at the lectures of Plato.....then in the highest repute at Athens...He possessed the wisdom of Socrates with the eloquence of Prodicus.....he was accounted the model of oratory.

I improved under the instruction of this great philosopher.....he explained to me the duties inseparable from a public character on the theatre of life. .....I found his principles to be so nearly allied with my own, that I readily

imbibed them....I believed myself free from the contamination of ambition... or other interested motives....Indeed I felt.....that had the choice been offered me.....I should have cordially chosen the company of the Muses.....in some sweet retirement.....to all the pompous distinctions of governing a kingdom.

My friends now began to importune me.....but I hesitated to appear before the public Assemblies....conscious that the first act usually determines the merit of the whole play.....Yet many young men, without any pretensions... whose only talent lay in the profusion of a well-regulated entertainment..... a certain easy elegance in their appearance.....a taste for music.....or a proficiency in dancing.....were presumptuous enough to spring from the arms of a Messalina.....into a seat in the Forum....where....through a cloud of

perfume.....they made themselves the ridicule of their audience.

At length I was drawn into action... A very powerful party was raised against a particular friend of mine..... they determined on his ruin.....yet he was not culpable.....but appearances were strongly against him....and prepossession was still more his enemy..... His best friends shrank from him..... there was danger in believing his innocence.

Now was my time.....I undertook his defence.

It was in every body's mouth..... "Have you heard that Agathon..... "the son of Stratonicus.....means to "plead the cause of Lysias?"

I was beloved.....and public prejudice began to subside.....the people of Athens almost adored me for this magnanimous determination.

"Agathon," said they..."is worthy

" his exalted birth,.....the virtues of
" his forefathers are implanted in his
" noble soul.....What courage !.....a
" youth like him to oppose the tide
" of public opinion.....to become the
" advocate of a man struggling against
" the current of popular virulence.....
" to leap into the stream, and bear
" him safe to shore....."

All wished me success !

" Alas!"...said Proteus, interrupting Agathon....." to be the friend of indi-
" gent merit.....to wipe the tear from
" affliction's cheek.....to soothe the
" miseries of a deserted, helpless, hu-
" man Being....is magnanimous in-
" deed !.....but it is obsolete,.....and
" little known in modern practice."

Agathon continued.....The enemies of Lysias, alarmed at this sudden turn of fortune....put off the trial till the ferment my conduct raised among the people, had subsided...meanwhile,

every engine was put in play to disappoint my hopes.....They failed.

On the appointed day I entered the Assembly, amid the most encouraging plaudits.....This cheered me.....I arose .....My cause was injured innocence.... My pleadings were firm.....manly..... and persuasive....my gesture animated .....my perseverance unalterable.

Truth flowed from my lips, and gave confidence to my undertaking...., I gained every heart.....Lysias was acquitted.....and Agathon was carried home in triumph.

I now appeared frequently in public .....popular esteem and approbation followed all my steps,..and encouraged me to take an active part in state affairs.

Fortune continued at my elbow..... and so rapidly did she assist me to climb upwards.....that in a little time no Man's interest in Athens was more powerful than mine.

Unhappily, my father died, just at this critical moment, when I most wanted his friendship and advice..... I was launched into the dangerous sea of politics.....the tempest of envy howled at a distance.....quicksands surrounded me;.....and inexperience was my pilot.

I became possessed of immense riches.....which my father's moderation had increased.....But I wanted his prudence.....Every Citizen of Athens partook my purse, whose misfortunes were unavoidable.....My house was the asylum of the arts;..... my table the seat of hospitality.

This liberality proved my ruin!

Had my fortune been devoted to courtesans.....had my interest been subservient to the degeneracy of power.....had sumptuous entertainments been lavished on court favorites .....then had I still been the idol of the Athenians!

Jealousy, however, was obliged to sleep quietly in the bosoms of my secret enemies.....The people, who had began to love me.....ended by deifying me.....A report was circulated, that my mother had inflamed the great Apollo with a passion....that I was the offspring of their loves.....that I was inspired by the God, at Delphos,.....and destined to make Athens mistress of the world.

They demanded that I should be invested with supreme authority.

The Athenians were mad to exalt their favorite;.....it was expected that I should revive the golden age..... abolish all distinction of persons..... and establish a happy system of idleness.

Meanwhile, the Island of Cubæa... and other dependencies of the Athenian Republic.....sore with the galling yoke which bowed them down...

openly revolted.....and in this they were privately supported by the Spartans.

We had abundance of experienced Generals;.....but Agathon had the reputation of every endowment;..... and though I knew nothing of military tactics.....except from books..... I was expected to enact prodigies..... and so confident was the expectation of the people, that they forced upon me.....against all intreaty.....the command of the forces destined against the rebels;.....I was put in commission, with absolute authority over the armies....fleets.....and treasury.

Thus compelled.....I resolved to obey the caprice of my fellow-citizens in the best way I could devise;....and, being conscious that the insurgents had reason for complaint.....I determined to reduce them, by lenient measures, to their duty.....to remedy

the grievances of which they complained.....to restore their ancient privileges.....and to portion their burdens to their abilities.

Previous to my sailing with the expedition.....I assembled the people..... and, in a long.....and spirited..... harangue.....laid my plan of operation before them,...which I enforced with all the pathos of animated eloquence.

The citizens.....who mostly benefited by peace.....listened to my pacific plan, without a murmur;.....and my secret enemies.....predicting my downfal in the attempt.....made no opposition to my measures;.....but I afterwards discovered, that they clandestinely employed every artifice to circumvent me.....and dash my project to the ground.....They even held a private correspondence with the revolted Islanders, whom they

inflamed.....and persuaded to reject my amicable overtures.

The danger increased.....I was obliged to put to sea before my armament was half prepared for the encounter.

I appointed an Officer....whom the frenzy of the people had overlooked when they preferred me.....second in Command.....and used my power with a moderation that disappointed the malice of my enemies.

Fortune still favored me.....I restored order and allegiance in the Colonies.....acting from my own opinion, without waiting for particular orders...and returned to Athens, with a consciousness of having done my duty.

Of our enemies, I had made friends and allies.....and I flattered myself I had done a service to my country, by extinguishing.....in so short a time

.....the destructive flame of rebellion .....I had, besides, been lavish with my own purse.....while I saved that of the republic ;.....and brought back an additional naval force, of one hundred Gallies.....presented to me .....as a free gift, from the reconciled Islanders.

The gratitude of the Athenians was unbounded ;.....but I found an applauding sentiment in my own bosom, more precious than all the rewards my countrymen could heap upon me.

I entered the city in triumph..... The sculptors were set to work..... night and day.....to complete my statues.....Temples were filled with monuments of my fame.....and an universal emulation seemed to reign throughout the city.....each studying how to do me honor.

Finding I could not stifle the

grateful feelings of my countrymen... I determined to leave Athens for a short time, till the enthusiasm of the populace had subsided;.....or the introduction of a new Opera.....the arrival of a new dancer.....or some other rare phenomenon.....should appear in the hemisphere of fashion, ...and eclipse the Sun of Agathon's deserts.

I retired to Corinth;.....once more courted the lovely Nine.....and, in their delightful company, found an harmless repose.

Little did I think, while I was thus, calmly, pursuing the pleasures of retirement.....that my downfal was meditating by my enemies, who concerted a plan for the purpose....as infamous.....as it was successful.

I was too well pleased with the disinterestedness of my own views.... and the approbation of the people.....

to dream of danger.....I never thought of forming a party for my support.... or that a party could form itself for my destruction.....In a word.....I did not know, that virtue....merit....and universal benevolence.....were so many incentives to envy.....hatred .....and malevolence.

A sad experience has made me wiser.....I was banished from my native country.....robbed of the affections of my fellow citizens..... stripped of the means of serving others.....and lastly.....the inestimable blessing of being independent myself, was torn from my possession.

This cabal was composed of some of the noblest and most affluent persons in Athens.....I stood alone..... My father was dead.....and my unalterable affection for my beloved Psyche, made me reject an alliance with some of the most powerful fami-

lies at Athens, whose authority and influence would have helped me..... at such a moment.....to stem the waves of oppression which dashed around me.

I was arraigned as a criminal before an assembly of the people.....where..... a few months before.....I might have dictated laws, amid the universal plaudits of a grateful nation.

The charges against me were framed by envy.....preferred by malice,..... confirmed by ingratitude.

I had little to oppose.....my faithful services.....my uncorrupted innocence!

Popularity is like a prosperous gale at sea.....fluttering round the confiding bark which trusts an open bosom to its fickle friendship....At length it veers from point to point.....now speciously deceiving with a steady breeze.....now lowering with the gloomy aspect of an approaching storm.....now howling

with the terrific horrors of despair and desolation.

The person chosen to accuse me was one of those easy.....pliant..... venial.....characters, who prostitute their talents in worshipping a rising Sun.

He had been educated under the ablest masters.....was a sophistical..... florid.....speaker.....supplying the want of argument with effrontery.....and misleading the judgment with plausibility.

He undertook to prove, that all I had done was merely calculated to throw dust into the citizens' eyes;..... that I was ambitious.....had projected the slavery of my country, under the false appearances of magnanimity..... generosity,....and popularity,.....while my sole object was to make myself master of the empire;...that I possessed imposing talents, which had misled

them;.....that the seeming virtue I assumed, was but the covering of some vice.....secretly at work,.....to blow up the liberty and privileges of the Athenians.....And.....lest his artifices to prejudice me with a people who had so lately venerated my name, should appear too obvious to be mistaken.....He,.....by admirable strokes of pleasantry.....which gratified the taste, and delighted the ears of his auditory.....robbed them of their judgment.

He continued to play on the weakness of the Athenians.....who were famed for taking wit for argument..... irony for truth;.....and raillery.....sharpened by malice.....supplied his want of solid evidence.

He roused the feelings of the people by his *honorable* exertions,.....and, in two hours, converted the popularity I had enjoyed for two years.....into

the most rancorous hatred.....
....The citizens shuddered at the abyss to which their blind partiality had suffered me to lead them.....and were astonished at their weakness in not seeing the fallacy of my administration ....and my thirst for arbitrary power.

Every man thought himself released from his gratitude, now he perceived my services to have been mere baits, thrown out to deprive my fellow citizens of their dearest rights.....And the very people.....who had so eagerly sought to place me in the chair of sovereignty.....NOW,.....as anxiously desired to fit the noose about my neck, and exalt me to a gibbet.

Notwithstanding every thing succeeded to favor the designs of my enemies, they were not yet content;...and fearful lest I might only be sentenced to a temporary banishment.....they sprang a new mine upon me, which

they had withheld as a corps de reserve. .....Wretches were suborned for the purpose of proving, that I was not the son of Stratonicus....that he had adopted me to supply the want of an heir to his fortunes, finding me endowed with talents to support his dignities..... The law, therefore, allowed me no claim of inheritance.

This last stroke of villainy completed my ruin.....My pretended friends deserted me.....I stood alone,.....but met my fate unmoved.....and undismayed.

My high spirit rose in proportion as the Athenians strove to humble my pride.....I smiled contemptuously on splendid misery...resigned the gorgeous trappings of my birthright without a sigh.....and contented myself with the possession of those innate virtues which no Republican intrigues.....or Athenian decrees.....could strip me of.

I pitied the people, whose vanity gave them a presumed authority over all the world, while they suffered themselves to be imposed upon.....like weak fools.....by a disgraceful association of designing knaves.

When I mounted the rostrum..... I could perceive, by the countenances of many, that they expected I should justify myself fully.....and that I should employ all the severity in my defence, which the laws of retaliation warranted.

They were mistaken.

The only sentiment I felt was indignation...I scorned to employ a rhetoric, in which I was supposed to be skilled.... and restricted myself to truth on my own deservings from them....to sarcasm on their grateful returns to me.

I concluded by saying,

" Your ingratitude may impoverish
" ....but cannot debase me;...you aspire

" to greatness.....without aiming at
" virtue.....you boast your freedom,....
" while you are forging fetters for
" your own neck.....and you deserve
" slavery....because you would enslave
" others.....Your inordinate ambition
" has nearly ran its race.....and you
" will enjoy the pitiful reputation of
" being the most active buffoons in the
" world.

" This.....Oh, Athenians,.....is my
" reply!.....I am in your power.....if
" you wish my death.....commission
" me with some message to the good
" Socrates, whom you have dispatched
" before me.....If you only wish to
" banish me.....I will retire to a better
" corner of the world.....where virtue
" will be respected, and revered in
" obscurity.

Those who desired to see me humbled, were not much gratified by this speech.

On casting up the votes....the judges decreed one half of my fortunes to the state.....and the remaining half to my accusers.

I left Athens the same moment.

All my gay prospects.....from the time I was taken from under the cypress tree by my father, to the present time, ...flashed like a dream.....across my mind.

I was despoiled of affluence.....but was rich in experience,.....and I now resolved to execute a plan.....I had meditated at Delphos.....of exploring the eastern Philosophy.....of introducing myself to the Magi of India..... where I hoped to find wisdom and virtue.

The execution of this plan was however frustrated by an event.....as unforeseen as calamitous.

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